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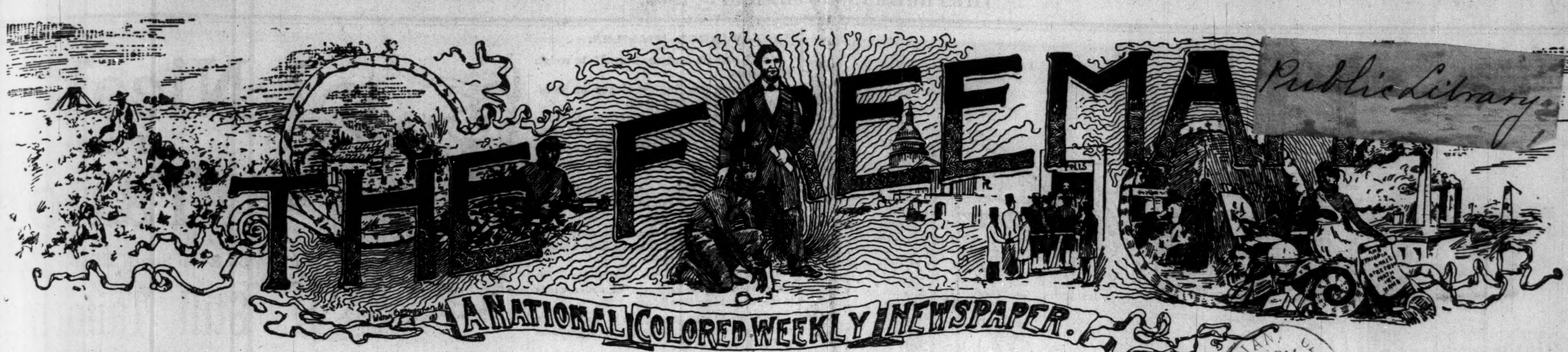

A NATIONAL COLORED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

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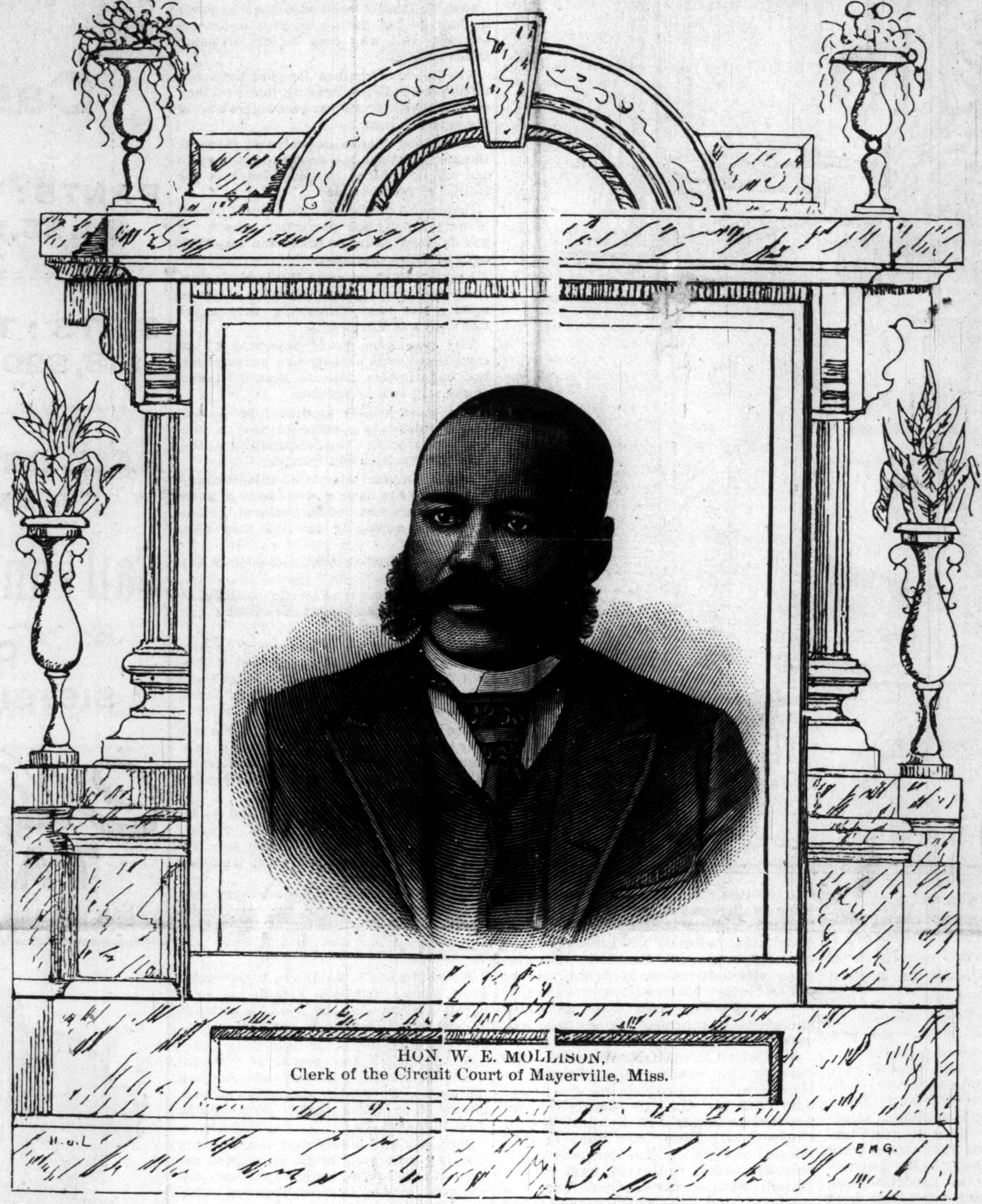

HON. W. E. MOLLISON,
Clerk of the Circuit Court of Mayerville, Miss.

THE SOUTH AGAIN.

THE NEW COLORED LEADERSHIP DISCUSSED--THE THEOLOGICAL POLITICIAN A FAILURE.

Douglass, Lynch and Townsend's Appointments--The hope of the Negro is in the South.

Specially written for The Freeman.

If the signs of the time count for anything the southern black man is a fixture so far as progress is concerned. I think the four years of Democratic supremacy has done the Negro incalculable good in one way, i. e., it proved that the Negro brother can live without office. It was a hard blow I admit, but the siutation of affairs turned the politician into a farmer or laborer, and now there are hundreds who would not return to political life for all the honor, flickering wealth and "lazy" living there is attached to it. In the days of carpet baggery the colored preacher was a big spoke in the political wheel and the majority of them gloried in the power of holding fast to the horns of the altar with one hand, and the left wing of the g. o. p. with the other. That condition of affairs died out to a great extent when Hiram Revels, Richard Cain, J M. Dawson, H. M. Turner, and a few other gentlemen of the cloth surrendered to the inevitable at the South; but the fever seems to be breaking out at the North, and we shall not suffer on that account. And right here I want to ask whose voice is the strongest, God's or the politicians? Don't think me blasphemous or sacrilegious, but facts are before us. In the South when the Negroes were groping about in the darkness of a new life, they needed their best and brainiest men and it was to the minorty they naturally turned for counsel and aid. It was as much the duty of the clergy to temporarily represent their brethren as it was to spiritually do so. It is not necessary in this day of Negro capability and learning that men should be called from the pulpit to serve the politician's will. Hundreds of men old and young, are ready and anxious lo serve their country, but nix, let the clergy have a turn at the wheel. Say what you may, criticise me to your heart's content but "ye cannot serve God and Mammon," and all the theological politicians on this side of Jordan cannot convince me that a minister of Christ pleases the Master when he puts off the gown to take up the political robe, when a people are so blessed with men of intelligence and learning as ours. The greed for lucre in a portion of the ministry is the destroying angel of the church, who stands with flaming sword defying the church to pass, The political preacher is the curse of the church. I mean when that preacher stands ever ready to lay aside Christ's banner as a leader in his army to accept the politicain's flambeau. A minister is a citizen it is true, but if his duty as a citizen is so inviting as to over reach that of his holy office, then the quicker he abdicates the latter the better, and abdicates for good too.

But I am straying; yet it is a good field in which any writer may turn with some good work to do. The young men and women of the South are grasping the throttle of leadership and the race like a giant engine with every wheel leaping over the rails of time, is gaining solid ground. From this the North can learn a priceless lesson. The old men are not being "side tracked" by any means, they are in the coaches helping in the management of the Negro train at their choice and delight. The Negroes at the South are not saying much; realize that talk is idle, but they are thinking and working.

An old gentleman in Richmond honored and loved, and who is as intelligent a man as one would expect to meet anywhere, upon reading of Mr. Douglass' appointment, while we were en route to Lynchburg, turned to me with: "If that is Mr. Harrison's value upon Negro greatness, you boys had better not wait for the administration wagon." I asked him what he thought of Mr. Lynch's and Mr. Townsend's honors. He replied that if both gentlemen had been "possessed of the right sort of respect, neither would have accepted such clerkships in view of Egan's appointment" and he was willing to wager that nothing short of an Egan or Halstead appointment would have tempted Dr. Price, Dr. Simmons or John C. Dancy, if either had been held in the same light that Lynch was held. Frederick Douglass, Townsend and Lynch have fixed the future value upon the Negro unless some other young southern man like J. C. Price will teach future Presidents that a Negro leader is of far more value than a tail end ministership or first class clerkship. Instead of being lamps to the feet of Negro manhood, these men are a set of jack-o-lanterns leading us into the quagmires of under valued citizenship. I use the term "value" not in the light of debauching citizenship as salable goods in the political market, but in the light as seen by Messrs. Douglass & Co. There is a class of Negroes now burdening the race at the North (and West too if you please) whose very existence depends upon party politics, while the whole coterie of leaders, so recognized, are loafers, if not office holders. What became of all the Negro bright lights from '85 to '89? Douglass rested under the shades of Anacostia, Lynch watched his crops and divided his time in Washington, Bruce lectured, Derrick preached and picked up local political jobs, Townsend studied out the best plan of reaching the heathens (foreign and domestic), Pinchback took monthly trips to Washington to see if the government "still lived," while the small fry either disgraced journalism by getting out a weekly paper or kept house while the "ole 'oman" went visiting, a late term for working out. But ye Gods! gaze upon this mighty army of patriots since March 4. Farms growing up in weeds, the sound of the hammer and the saw hushed with a deathlike stillness, the heathen must hustle for themselves awhile, the wheels of the weekly paper that had "come to stay" are rusty, the barber's tools are panting for a little exercise. Why? Office, office, office. The Negro North has clamored louder and longer than any other class of citizens and with the exception of those offices given at the South to colored men, the salary of Patrick Egan amounts to more than all the salaries of Negro office holders put together.

For the sake of the race I am glad the southern wing is not disgracing itself in this scramble. It is safe to say that out of the five or six thousand colored voters in the State of Massachusetts two thousand were or are aspirants to office. Rhode Island has a tremendous percentage of colored patriots, Connecticut scattering, New York can no doubt present an army of ten thousand out of her twenty-four thousand colored voters ready to serve their Uncle Sam. The craze for office is awful, and it no doubt has had much to do with cooling off the ardor of our southern friends, for there is no reason why every Negro should play fool at once.

This letter in the series, I admit has not had its full measure of points on the original subject, but I hope to have the readers of The Freeman draw comparisons between the North and South that we may draw our conclusions which way the "poor, downtrodden brother" is tending. Whether he is adding solid, manly evidences of his upgoing, when compared with his more favored northern brother, or not. Our northern cup of sorrow and sympathy runneth over for our "downtrodden brother South" while our brother at the South and West is the only Negro on the American Continent, solving the great nineteenth century problem and he is doing it minus tooth pick coats and button hole boquets, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New York are solving the Negro problem with weighty speeches, hotel aprons, boot black stands, the "Mobile buck" and the ball room. The Carolinas, Virginias, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana are solving it with a Negro bank. Colleges, cotton bales, plows and dollars. A writer with more polish might express the situation differently, but the naked truth needs no polish. To deny it would be but to lie outright.

I see William Powell in the Richmond Planet of August 10 says Virginia Afro-Americans in Boston are in the lead in every department of industry and thrift. Exactly so, and there has only been one native Negro Bostonian in the Massachusetts legislature in the history of the commonwealth, and that was E. G. Walker who represented a white constituency from the Charleston District. The average native person in this section is a "dandy," a barber or waiter, and yet they "kant help feeling sor-r-r-y for the poor southern darkies doncher-know."

I do not write in this style except to show by comparison which way the South is growing. It cannot be called the "New South, that is a misnomer but in the words of Dr. J. C. Price to Prof. Straker, it is the "New Old South" and she is rising day by day.

BENJAMIN.

THE BALTIMORE LETTER.

The Closing Scenes of the City Campaign—A Startling Political Revelation—An Effort by Colored People to Defend the Navassa Rioters—Personals.

Baltimore, Md., Special to The Freeman.

The efforts of the contending political factions for victory grows more bitter and desperate as the great day for decision draws nigh. In all quarters of the city rousing and enthusiastic mass meetings have been held nightly, and each side claims that they will be elected by an overwhelming majority.

This campaign has beyond question been the most lively one in the history of our municipal politics. When the regulars were lost for an issue to claim the suffrages of the people, they took up the race issue, entirely irrelevant to the real issues, and their orators have worked on the passions and prejudices of the people with a view of deceiving them.

The Fusionists have fought a great and creditable battle. They have shown the impure methods of the administration of city affairs. They have laid bare the fraudulent methods employed by the Regular Democrats to maintain their power, and the masses are with them in the fight. Major Shaw, the Fusionists candidate for Mayor, has promised a non-partisan administration and his election and career in office is anxiously looked for by the people at large.

At Concordia Opera House on Saturday evening there was the most startling and novel incidents which have ever occurred in the history of this State. For some time past the Republican and Independent orators have charged the Democrats with raping the ballot box, intimidating colored voters, importing repeaters from other States, and other similar practices, by which the right of suffrage has been grossly infringed upon. These charges the Democrats have denied as often as they were made. But the truth that had long been crushed to earth arose on the above named evening, when two of the most faithful "workers" for the Democrats took the platform and made a clean breast of the outrageous practices of the party with which they were formerly allied, and whose dirty work they slavishly did. The informers were "Bill" Harig and "Charlie" Goodman. They told in a frank, straightforward manner of how they, at the bidding of such leaders as Senator Gorman, "Tree" Rasin and others, had stuffed the ballot box; how they had gone into doubtful counties on important election days and drove Negroes from the polls and voted themselves several times with their army of repeaters; how the present warden of the penitentiary had been bribed to allow a notorious crook to escape; from what places the leaders gathered repeaters; who brought them to the city and how they were paid and by whom. This startling and sensational disclosure convulsed political circles and will win for the Fusion ticket that class of high toned regular Democrats who will not by their vote indirectly countenance such barbarous methods.

The rioters of Navassa Island, recently brought to this city and incarcerated in the city jail, are still there awaiting trial in the U. S. District Court. Many of the alleged rioters have no friends and no money, and there is an effort on foot to secure colored counsel for them. The effort is meeting with some success and the people are determined that if the men are convicted they shall at least have a free hearing and a fair trial.

Prof. Solomon G. Brown, who was to have delivered a lecture at Asbury Literary on Wednesday night, was unable to deliver the lecture as announced because of physical infirmity, but was present and read a poem of his own composition entitled "God's Vengeance is Creeping."

Rev. W. H. Phillips delivered a lecture on the subject, "Where to Stop." He spoke for an hour and a half and was rewarded with the good attention of the large audience. A collection was lifted for Prof. Brown and Rev. Phillips.

J. E. G. Webb has been canvassing for the Fusion ticket through the counties.

Dr. H. J. Brown is lecturing in Virginia.

E. J. Waring, Esq., delivered an address at Touissaint L'Overture Literary on last Sunday afternoon. It was enjoyed by all present. Music was rendered by Prof. Andrew Thompson and others.

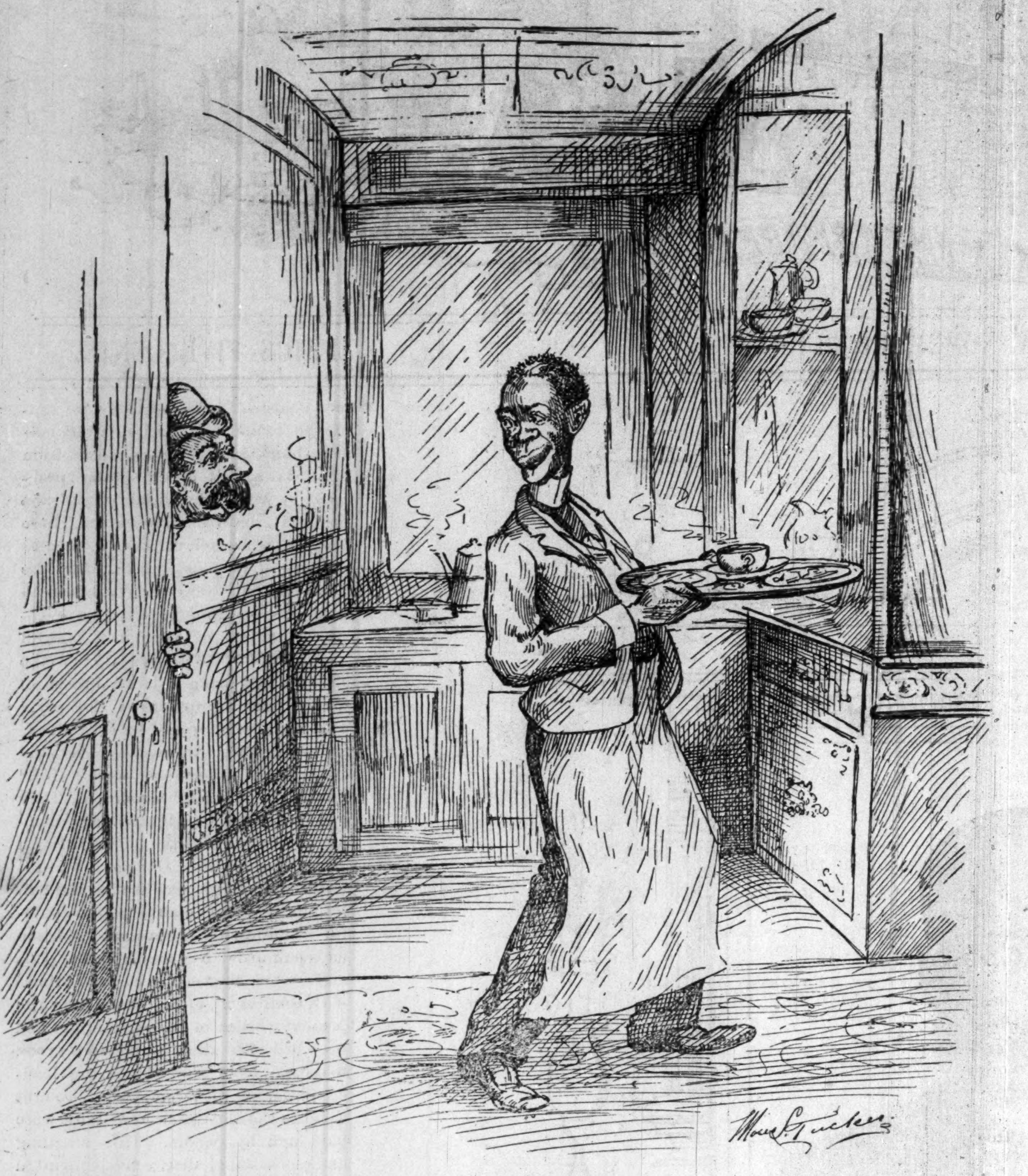
Rev. J. A. Caldwell and wife passed through the city en route to Philadelphia. While they were in the city they were the guests of Lawyer Harry S. Cummings, who was a classmate of Rev. Caldwell, at Lincoln University.

The likeness of Rev. Harvey Johnson, which appeared in The Freeman of last week, was much liked by the many readers who saw it. The life of such a worthy man in this community has been of much service to the colored people of this city.

JACK.

There are eight white ladies teaching Negro children in the public schools of this city. There are six schools for Negroes and each has a white superintendent. Is there any mixture of races in these?—Industrial Day, Richmond.

When a dog gets after a rabbit he makes the hare fly. Sometimes when a woman gets after her derelict husband, she, too, makes the hair fly. And when a mother finds her only son at the jam she also makes the heir fly.



THAT'S DIFFERENT.

Passenger—Is this the smoking car?

Culinary Dispenser—No, sah; dis is de chewin' car.

UNCLE SAM CLOSE FISTED.

Many Millions Does He Owe that He Refuses to Pay.

Special Washington letter.

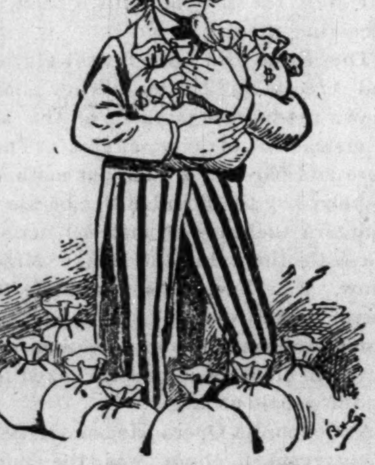
The government was very poor during Washington's two terms of office—even poorer than the people—for methods of taxation had not yet been matured, and while the outgo was regular and certain the income was capricious and doubtful. It had been agreed that the public buildings should be constructed with money obtained from the sale of the government lots in the city, but this came in slowly, and a part of it went in expenditures not contemplated by the contract.

The fact is that the usually level head of the great Washington himself was turned during that decade. That prudent personage actually indulged in enthusiasm and flew kites. He predicted that the raw swamp town that had been named for him would have 100,000 population in twenty-five years, and that it would outstrip New York, or even Boston. He speculated somewhat in real estate here himself and paid for Washington lots twice what they would fetch to-day. He encouraged Robert Morris to speculate, and that shrewd financier, who had held the armies of the revolution up by main strength, sunk all of his money and passed four years in a debtors' prison. It was during that dismal season that the federal government appealed to Virginia and Maryland for a loan, under the implied threat to keep the captol at the north if the loan was not forthcoming.

In round figures Maryland lent $72,000 and Virginia $120,000. Not a cent of it has ever been paid back. Will it ever be? Doubtful.

As a senator recently said, "the United States government is the most relentless creditor and the most exacting and unscrupulous debtor that the sun shines on. When it is owed it is a very Shylock, when it owes it is as indifferent to its obligations as a tramp."

The machinery to which a creditor of Uncle Sam must appeal is so elaborate as to dissuade all but the pluckiest. First, he must apply to congress for permission to go to the court of claims. After tedious years and great expense that court is reached—perhaps witnesses summoned, and the correctness of the bill verified—perhaps. Then he must go to the secretary of the treasury and induce that august functionary to condescend to include the amount in the current appropriations asked for.



UNCLE SAM AS A MISER.

If the favor is graciously granted, the claimant, if still alive, must go back to congress and watch the appropriation at every step of its progress, through two committees and through two houses. Nine times out of ten some demagogue thief "objects" to the amount and it is dropped, and the claimant's children or grandchildren may again present the bill, with the same circumlocution, in future years.

The Robert Morris I have mentioned was out of pocket $600,000 for advances during the revolution and his loss was never made good.

Similarly John Ericsson saved the country by sending the *Monitor* to Hampton Roads in 1862, and was never paid for it. On his death-bed he flaunted an unpaid bill in the face of Uncle Sam. There are tens of millions of dollars in the treasury that honestly belong to the citizens of the United States for various services rendered, and they are likely to stay there forever.

I happen to know a case in point. In 1864 a cartridge factory blew up in this city and killed some twenty young women engaged in the difficult and dangerous business of filling cartridges by hand. A young man examined the scene, thought it over, and concluded that he could make a machine that would do the work. He broached the idea to the war department and was laughed at for his pains, being informed by the chief of ordinance that the thing was impossible.

The young man, whom I will call Dodge, persisted in his dream, devised a plan, made a working model, carried it to the chief of ordnance and set it going. That puzzled functionary was surprised, bewildered, pleased, convinced. He took it to the secretary of war and said: "Every cartridge hitherto made in the world has been made by hand; no more will be made by hand when this remarkable machine is generally adopted, and it will save two-thirds the expense."

The secretary sent for Dodge and gave him an order for a machine, authorizing him to incur the necessary expense in making it. The young man went to New York and Boston, got the various patterns constructed and parts made, assembled them and set up the machine in Washington. It did all that had been predicted for it and immediately superseded hand filling in all the arsenals of the country. More than that, the government made machines and sold them to France, England and other countries and the whole world now fills its cartridges with machines made on the same model.

Well, that was a quarter of a century ago. Dodge has never received a penny for his valuable and humane invention from any source whatever!

Getting Down Fine.

Chicago Tribune.

Owner of a race horse (looking closely at the scales)—Williams you are a trifle over weight. Can't you lighten yourself a little?

Williams (the jockey)—Got on my lighest suit, sir. Ain't ett a bit to-day, and 've just trimmed my finger nails.

Owner—Well, go and get shaved.

In the Surf.

Time.

Clara: Where's Ethel?

Maud: She had to go home. She got her bathing-suit wet.

WINGED MISSILES.

Mr. Gladstone declares himself to weigh 163 pounds.

Americans are finding plenty of petroleum in Peru, 350 feet down.

A Boston hotel locates itself by advertising that it is near Phillips Brooks' church.

The Czar of Russia is an enthusiastic cornetist. No wonder nihilism is rampant in Russia.

As soon as the Sioux reservation is opened, a railroad will be built through it to the Black Hills.

Warner Miller says that the only thing he has received from the administration is a telegram of good wishes.

There is little hope for Boulanger. He has ceased to talk. Silence in some cases is the beginning of wisdom.

More books and magazines in English are now read in Paris than at any time previous in the history of the country.

The foot wear artists of London do business on a small margin. The bootblacks there charge two cents a shine.

A Zanesville woman has worked on a crazy quilt an hour a day for thirteen years, and the quilt is not finished yet.

Gen. E. Burd Grubb says that he parts his hair in the middle because he has a cowlick. But why does he part his name in the middle?

The London Omnibus Company have only twenty-six coaches running, and yet they carried over fifty million passengers during the year just past.

Miss Maud Banks, daughter of General Banks, thinks she is a success on the stage and will not retire. Self-confidence is the mother of perseverance.

Be hopeful for the race, but don't expect to much for any one particular person. If you do you are sure to make the acquaintance of disappointment.

Roswell P. Flower and William Waldorf Astor ran against each other for congress some years ago. Personally they never met until a few days ago.

The maximum power generated by an electric motor is seventy-five horse-power, but experiments indicate that 100 horse-power will soon be reached.

The most widely separated points between which it is possible to send a telegram are British Columbia and New Zealand, via America and Europe.

Philip Grenan, who left this country forty years ago, is now at the head of probably the largest stevedore business in Bombay, India, employing no less than 7,000 men.

It is announced that Whitelaw Reid is a social success in Paris. He has more invitations to dine out than he can possibly accept. This is accounted ministerial success.

The West is about to lose one of its most prominent citizens. It is said that Buffalo Bill has become so enamored with Paris that he will make that city his future home.

The fastest time made by an electric railway is a mile a minute by a small experimental car; the fastest time yet attained by street railway system is twenty miles an hour.

The Kansas man is ever praiseful to his own state. Senator Ingalls says. When I came to Kansas it was a desert; now the rest of the world is a desert and Kansas is an oasis."

A long look ahead. A statistician estimates that in the year 1990 the United States will have a population of 1 billion. It will take a big man then to know that he is a unit.

The statue of Captain Eads, to be erected at St. Louis, represents him in his work cabinet, surrounded by models, at work. He stands with a plan in one hand, a compass in the other.

A volume of the poems of Frederic Tennyson, eldest brother of the poet laureate, is among the reprints in contemplation in London. They have become difficult to procure.

A planter at Nueva Paz, Cuba, was captured by bandits on the 8th of August and not returned to his family until the payment of a ransom variously reported at $3,500 to $6,000 in gold.

Gen. Mahone reads his political speeches from printed copies. He speaks slowly and his enunciation is wonderfully clear. Though a small man physically, he is quite impressive as an orator.

There is some doubt in the East as to whether Theodore Roosevelt belongs to the East or to Montana, but when he went to Washington the other he day he settled the question by locating himself on the hotel register as from New York.

A new process for burning coal without smoke has lately been discovered. It consists in sprinkling water containing a special preparation of resin over the coal and the result is that there is no smoke and the glow is as intense as coke.

Voigtlander, a famous optician of Brunswick, has just perfected a new lens, giving a very wide angle, working with a large aperature. Thus it is very rapid, and can be used in very confined situations, such a rooms for groups and single portraits.

One of the objects of curiosity at Kennebunkport, Me., is the stone house Rev. E. L. Clarke, of New York, built of rocks hauled out of the sea at low tide by oxen. Rev. Mr. Clarke put on his overalls and steered the steers part of the time himself.

Tuey Gwok Ying, the new Chinese minister to this country, is a good-looking man about 50 years of age. He dresses in the finest silk raiment, and spends a great deal of money. He is a constant smoker, and when he is not puffing a cigarette is rolling one.

Miss Rebbecca Fairbanks, the last of a family that came over in 1635, is said to be still living in a house at Dedham, Mass., that was brought over in the year mentioned and located on its present site at that time. The Fairbanks scale man came of this family.

A curious and intererting exhibition will be opened in Cologne on June 1, 1890, in which will be displayed an immense collec lection of arms, instruments, etc., serving to illustrate the art of warfare and bearing in any way on the condition of troops or armies.

James McMillan is the resident director of the Cambria iron-works at Johnstown, Pa. Fifty years ago he was driving a pair of mules on a towpath. When 22 years of age he was the commander of a canal-boat. He made some money on a wheat speculation and then began to lay up a fortune.

The wedding anniversaries are named as follows: First year, cotton wedding; second, paper; third, leather; fifth, wooden; seventh, woolen; tenth, tin; twelfth, silk and fine linen; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, pearl; fortieth, ruby; fiftieth, golden; seventy-fifth, diamond.

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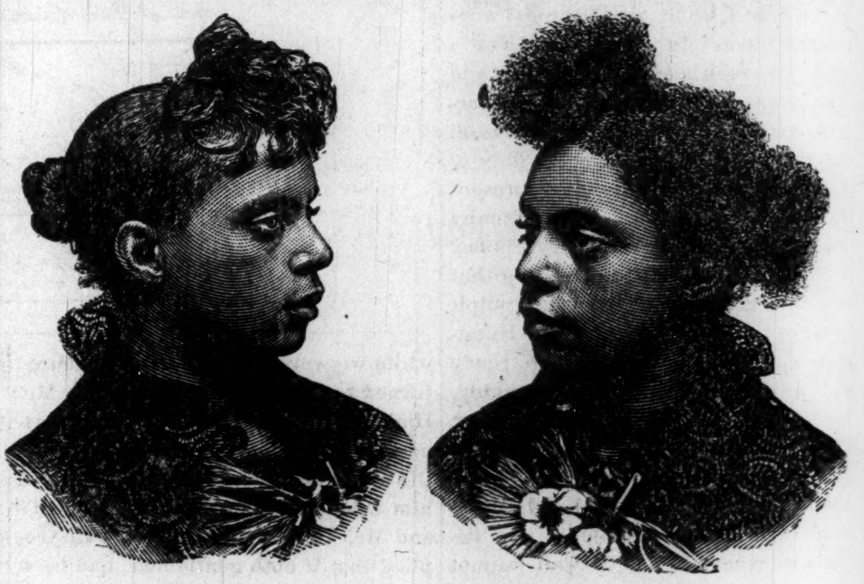

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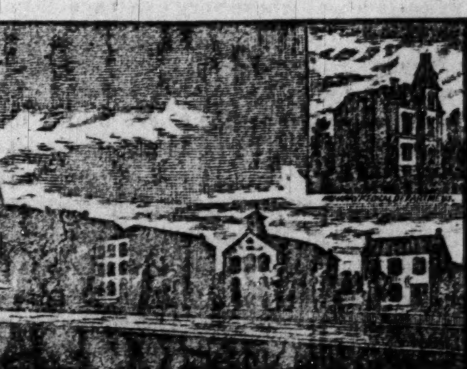
Rebecca E. Elliott,
Hair Culturist.



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THE ABSENT.

'Tis but an hour—a day—
  Ere from their hands we seek
Some loving words, which may
  Of fond remembrance speak!

The days oft merge in years,
  And time flies swiftly on,
Enwrapp'd in hope and fears,
  We weep for loved ones gone.

Each day we wait the mail,—
  Alas! we know how vain,
Our tears will not avail,—
  They ne'er will come again!

Dear missives! blessings small,
  To loving hearts at home,
The saddest of them all
  Are those that never come!

MY REVENGE.

A room, sunlit and warm; a bed, draped in snowy white, relieved with just a touch of delicate blue, and, resting on the pillows, a woman's face with eyes full of happiness. On her breast the little boy child the angels had given into her keeping, and watching over both with a dim wonderment at his heart if heaven at last was not reached, the proud husband and father.

Such the picture on that morning in early May, which seemed as though no disturbing element could enter to destroy it; yet in answering to a summons to enter a servant appears, bearing in her hand a letter. Still, with no prescience of ill, her master receives and tears it open, not with impatient haste, but his eyes still feasting on the scene before him. They turn reluctantly upon the page, and Reginald Archer learns that he is beggared.

At the hands of the man who has been friend and brother in one was the fatal blow struck. He was a banker, rich and respected, and held all Reginald Archer's property in his possession. He had speculated, saw ruin staring him in the face, and Horace Grey fled the country, followed by the curses of his victims.

Horace Grey! I, the son of Reginald Archer, was not like to forget the name; I, who, years after, had heard how my gentle mother had sickened and died under the blow, knew to whom I owed the fact that I was not as other boys—could not exult over my pony or handsome dress—and that even the education I received was bought by my father's premature age in his struggle with adversity.

And as I, at 18, looked down upon the coffin which held the dear form, and traced the lines of care around mouth and brow, had any one questioned me as to the cause of death I would have cried, "Murdered, and Horace Grey is his murderer!"

A few months later I accepted a business offer which would take me far from my native land. I did not care for wealth. Yet, somehow, all that my hand touched turned to gold, and when, a few years later, I turned my face homeward, it was with a competency assured for life.

Up to this time love had never entered my heart. I knew not its meaning until chance threw Maude Roland into my path. Did I say chance? Providence would have been the better word.

She was singularly unlike other girls, and perhaps on that account first attracted me. She had but little time to devote to girlish graces and follies, for her heart and soul seemed centered in the old man whose feeble footsteps she strove to guide and support.

These two lived alone; she, young and beautiful, with no companion save that old father, who was as a child in her hands. Age and trouble had with him done fatal work, but with whatever exaction he demanded she complied cheerfully. And so I grew to love her.

For herself she would accept nothing save the flowers I sent her daily, but her father I could supply with fruits and wine and delicacies necessary to him, which he was unable to provide. They lived very simply in a small cottage on the outskirts of the town, but it grew to be a hallowed spot.

One day I said to her, "Maude, be my wife. I love you and can make you a happier home, where you can still give your father every comfort."

But she sadly shook her head.

"No, Percy. Here is my post; I will not desert it. As your wife, you would have the right to demand more of my time than I could give you. Often night and day I spend by his side; and when he needs me I must not be found wanting."

In vain I sought to combat her resolution; she was inexorable. But I persued her at last to allow me to live under their roof; for her father was gradually breaking down, and at times had fits almost of madness which needed a strong controlling hand.

Once I awakened from my sleep to find him standing by my bed, his eyes burning with a fierce light, his lips muttering incoherent words, and his hands restlessly moving to and fro.

"Up, Percy, up!" at last he exclaimed. "He has been here again to-night demanded his own, and I must satisfy him!"

With soothing hands I persuaded him to go back to his bed, and he soon fell into a quiet sleep. But after that night he grew weaker day by day, and the doctors warned us the end was near.

A week later I was sitting alone by his bedside. He had been tossing restlessly for hours until sleep had conquered him, and my own eyes were closing when I heard him pronounce my name.

Something in the tone caused me to look inquiringly into his face. Over it there had crept an expressive calm, almost happy, and the uneasiness had died out of his eyes, which reflected the light of reason awakened in his brain.

"Are we alone?" he questioned. "I have a story to tell. It has been here"—touching his forehead—"a long time past; but somehow I could not put it into words. I think now I can make it plain. You have been a kind friend to me; you will be so still to Maude when I am gone, and I can trust you to fulfill the duty I impose upon you.

"Years ago I was rich and respected—a man to whom money was confined. I grew ambitious, insatiate in my greed. I speculated—put all my fortune into investments which seemed full of promises, which in reality were smiling vortexes, engulfing all in their horrid depths.

"I awoke one morning to find myself a ruined man, surrounded by wealth abundant, as I thought, to lift me out of trouble; but none of it my own. All that I owned had been swallowed up.

"I took the first step—borrowing, meaning to repay, until ruin utter and complete overwhelmed me. I gathered together all upon which I could lay my hands, and fled. From that day I have never known a happy hour. One man there was Percy, who had been to me a brother—noble, generous, true. He had placed his whole fortune within my grasp, and I, coward, wretch that I was, betrayed even such a trust. But when the deed was done, that seemed blood money. I think, had I been starving, I could not have touched it. I invested it safely and securely, hoping some day to restore it.

"Percy, if that man lives tell him Horace Gray would have died content had he restored to Reginald Archer his own, and heard him breathe his forgiveness."

Horace Grey! Could this be he? The man upon whom all my life I had almost prayed for revenge—whose girl I had hoped to win for my wife!

"You call yourself Roland," I murmured, almost unconsciously.

"An assumed name, merely. My child has never known her rightful name."

As in a trance, I sat listening, my head bowed on my hands. My father's form, lying so still and cold as I had last seen it, seemed to forbid one word of comfort to the dying man. The young wife in her early grave seemed to call out against it, when, as though a voice had breathed the words into my ear, came the recollection of a sentence spoken when I had stood, a boy, beside my father's knees and spoke of revenge— "Horace's conscience has long since revenged me. If I could see him to-day I would extend him my hand, knowing his suffering had exceeded mine."

Ah, had it not? To look upon the poor, wasted form, to see the last struggle to restore what he had taken, to read the wretchedness of remorse written in every feature, was sufficient answer; and falling on my knees beside the bed, the last vengeful thought left me as I said, "If Reginald Archer's soul could speak to you with my lips and say his father had never harbored a thought save of pity and forgiveness, would it bring you comfort?"

"Boy, what mean you? Say that once again!"

"Horace Gray, my father, whom you wronged forgave you. The property you have restored shall be your child's. I am his son."

"Proofs—proofs!" he muttered.

"You shall have them," I answered.

And, hastening to my room, I soon returned with papers proving my identity.

"Strange—strange! Of all I wronged, he alone can I remember—he whose son whispers forgiveness. God help me! I never can forgive myself!"

Two weeks later the man whom all my life I had regarded as my bitterest enemy breathed his last; and, lo! I wept tears of sincere sorrow as I unclasped my hand from his cold grasp and raised the weeping girl who knelt at my side. He had gone to more merciful judgment than men could give. Before his death he had placed in my hands the papers restoring to me my own; but at my urgent appeal that it would be Maude's, he at last consented, and so I won my vengeance.

"How strange, Percy," Maude one day said to me, "that I should come into possession of such a fortune when we have lived so long in almost poverty. Poor father! He imagined perhaps such economy was necessary."

I let her think it so; and when she put her hand in mine and shared my name, I knew that could my father have looked down from heights above I should have seen the old smile light up his face, and heard him murmur, "It is as I would have wished it."

Young Chinese Oarswomen.

I visited prisons, temples, pagodas, mills, shops, duck-hatchings, and everything that was of interest, says a Canton letter. To see the ducks I hired a boat, managed by three women, and spent over three hours on the river. I have had occasion to remark everywhere in my travels the decent behavior of women. One hardly expects much in a country where little girl babies are sometimes killed or sold into any kind of slavery because of the poverty of the mother. Here were three women who were born on a boat and whose whole life is spent on one, and yet they had as much decency and natural modesty as if they had received a Sunday-school education. A fine, strong girl of 16 sat on the deck of the bow vigorously pulling her oar in front of me and smiling through a beautiful set of teeth. She wore wide trousers under a kind of sack or short gown; her feet were bare. Every time a breath of air ruffled her sack or trousers she instinctively pulled them down just as a well-bred American girl would her frock, though there were not any more exposure than a well-formed ankle. Most of the large junks, I learned, had women captains.

Drink in London and Paris.

London will before long be able to declare that it is a more temperate city than Paris, as the number of existing drink licenses in London has not been allowed to increase of late years, while the dram-shops of Paris have risen from 24,000 in 1880 to nearly 30,000 in the present year. In thirty years the consumption of alcohol in France has trebled and in ten years it has doubled, the average consumption being twelve quarts for each male adult. The most temperate part of France is the wine-growing districts of the south.

Very Fortunate.

Henderson: "Why, I didn't expect to see you back so soon, Williamson. I am afraid that you weren't successful in Oklahoma." Williamson: "Oh, I was very fortunate. I got home alive, and that was more than some of my friends did."—Time.

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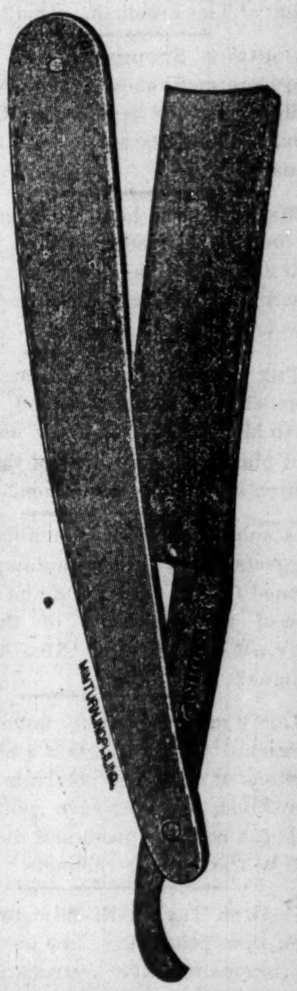

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WANTED.

We want a first-class agent for The Freeman in every city and town not already taken and we will allow a liberal commission for the same. Young men and women will find this work pleasant as well as profitable. Address this office for further particulars.

The Afro-American League idea is developing.

THE Afro-American League idea is obtaining everywhere.

THE sketch of Hon. W. E. Mollison will appear in the next issue of The Freeman.

"THE next congress and the Negro" will be the leading cartoon in the next issue of The Freeman. Don't miss it.

COLLEGE STUDENTS AND SCHOOL BOYS can make money by employing their spare time working for The Freeman. Write for terms and instructions.

MAHONE, who has just been defeated for the Governorship of Virginia will now bend his efforts to secure a seat in the senate. Mahone is a hustler—for Mahone.

THE returns from the recent elections should be mounted and presented to Mr. Harrison. They might tell him plainer than words of the disaffection among his henchmen.

A subscriber from Columbia, Tenn., suggests that a "Chautauquan" be formed for the protection and amelioration of the condition of the race. Why not organize an Afro-American League?

DON'T miss the next issue of The Freeman. It will contain a choice selections of cartoons, portraits and illustrations. "The Negro politicians" and "the next congress and the Negro" will be the leading cartoons.

C. H. J. Taylor, Ex-minister to Liberia, now practicing law in Atlanta, Ga., seems to have "struck it rich." He is now building a two story brick building on Wheat street. There will be a large hall for theatrical convenience and the lower part rented for stores. Score one for Taylor.

WE send this number of The Freeman to a large member of old subscribers and agents, and solicit a renewal of their favors. The Freeman is the most complete newspaper published by colored men and is deserving of the patronage of all. If you do not feel able to renew your subscription, by securing two other subscribers your own paper will be sent one year free. Old agents will also find a ready sale for The Freeman.

WE are constantly in receipt of advice and suggestions as to how The Freeman should be conducted; to all of which we respectfully acknowledge our obeisance. One suggests that the paper does not have enough church news, while another thinks it too much of a church paper. One class think our cartoons too severe, while another applaud and say give it to 'em. Some don't like our politics and say we are too independent. Others say you are right brother, go on with "the good work." Some think our subscription price too high, and others think we ought to raise it to $4 per year. So you can see what a diversity of opinion there is as to how The Freeman should be conducted. We began The Freeman as a picture paper last December against great odds and much opposition; but The Freeman has continued to prosper. With a circulation of but a few hundred it has increased to the thousands. We began our art department with nearly nothing but in less than two weeks when our outfit arrives we shall be prepared to do as fine pictorial work as any newspaper in the country. We shall be pleased to have the council of our friends at any and all times, but they must bear in mind that it takes money rather than counsel to run newspaper. If The Freeman received the support it deserves, it would be the peer of Harpers, or any of the best illustrated white papers. We need financial support and not advice. Send in more subscriptions and we will send you a better paper.

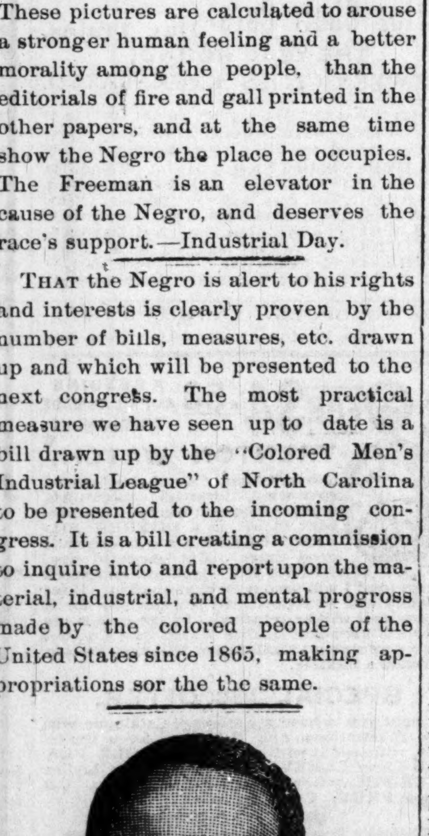
PICTORIAL LOGIC.

That journalism is as much a fixture in the future career of the Negro as music, is beyond doubt. The advance made by the race in this direction is not so observable to the young gentlemen who are engaged in editing the two hundred newspapers published in the interest of the race, as to those who read Fred. Douglass' paper, and the Ram's Horn, the Anglo-African and the New Era. The men of that period compare for growth the papers of the present with those of the past. But the present generation compare the present papers with those of the white people's papers of to-day. The The way to judge of our progress is by comparing the present with the past, not in numbers, but in character and fitness.

The most brilliant sample, the most impressive assurance of the future of our journalism, is to be seen in The Indianapolis Freeman, a Negro illustrated weekly. Not in the fact of its publication, but in the pictures it is beginning to print. True, very many of the likenesses which it prints of our preachers, business men and teachers are very unlike them, but this is doubtless the fault of the persons themselves, who are not willing to pay for a good likeness. But the pictures to be admired are the caricatures, which present phases of the shortcomings which the Negro is subjected to on account of his ignorance and politics. A late number presented a Negro Sampson, a huge giant lying at full length upon the ground—his native ground—asleep; in the offing is a man-of-war ship, on the giant's body are a number of Caucasians engaged in pounding upon him with clubs. Some of them by aid of a ladder have mounted his body in their attempt to destroy him, and this in sight of the Pyramaids; but the giant sleeps. What a warning.

But there are even more impressive pictures presented, three or four caricaturing "The Race War South." These pictures are calculated to arouse a stronger human feeling and a better morality among the people, than the editorials of fire and gall printed in the other papers, and at the same time show the Negro the place he occupies. The Freeman is an elevator in the cause of the Negro, and deserves the race's support.—Industrial Day.

THAT the Negro is alert to his rights and interests is clearly proven by the number of bills, measures, etc. drawn up and which will be presented to the next congress. The most practical measure we have seen up to date is a bill drawn up by the "Colored Men's Industrial League" of North Carolina to be presented to the incoming congress. It is a bill creating a commission to inquire into and report upon the material, industrial, and mental progross made by the colored people of the United States since 1865, making appropriations sor the the same.



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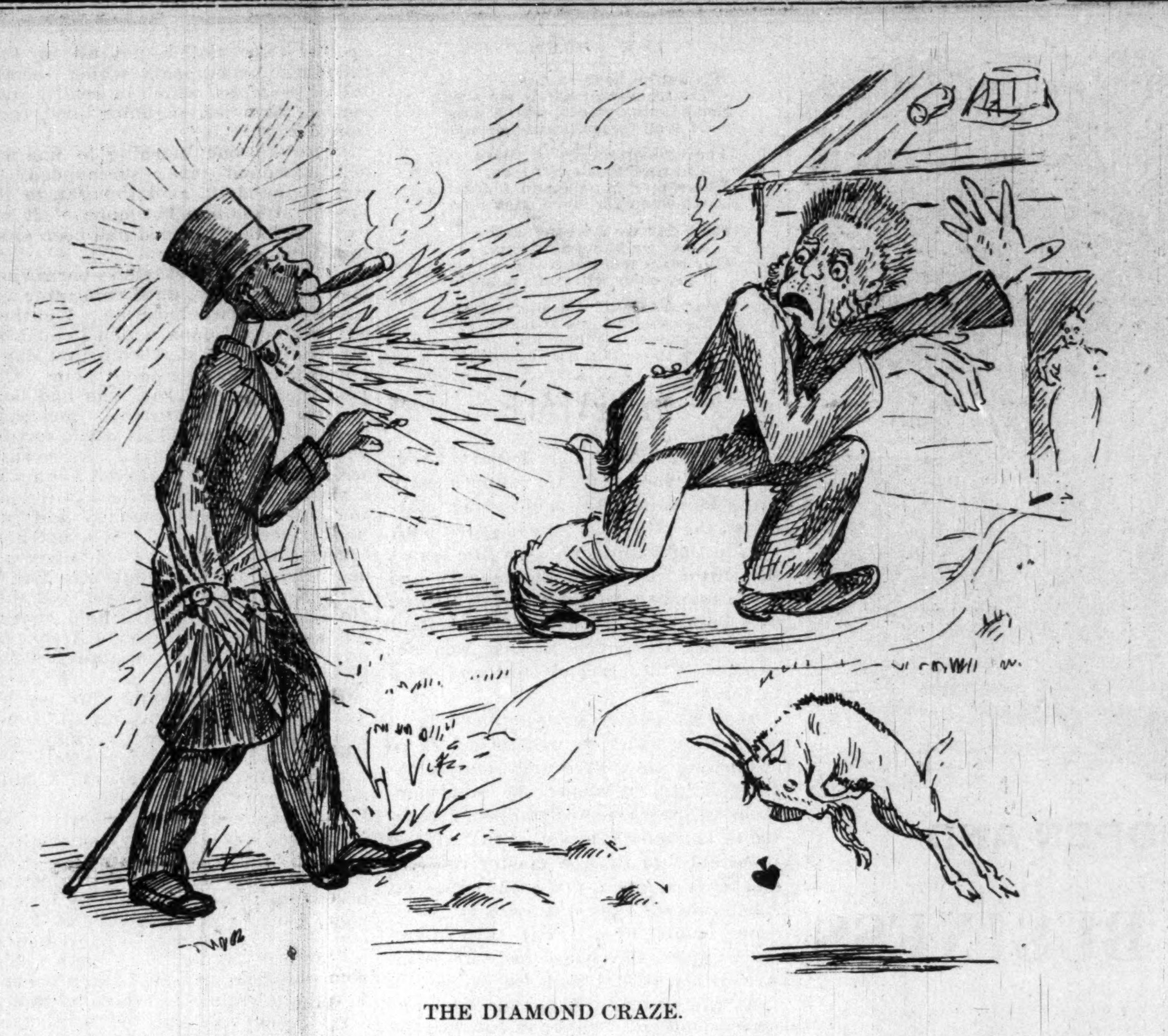


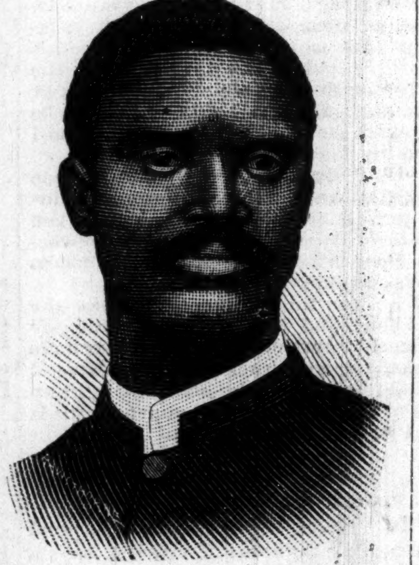
THE DIAMOND CRAZE.

Patrick—Och, Norah, oupen the shanty door, I don't know as its thunder stroke but I do be paralized.

REV. GEORGE W. CLINTON, A. B.

Teacher, Law Student, Preacher and Editor.

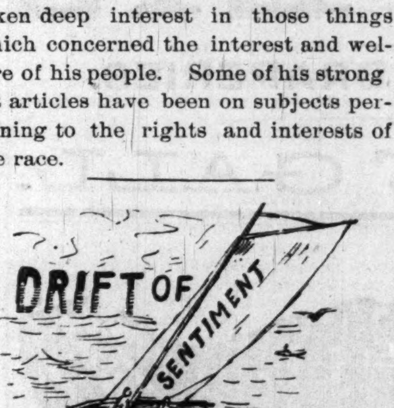
Rev. George Wylie Clinton was born in Cedar Creek township, Lancaster county, South Carolina, on the 28th day of March, 1859. His father having died when he was but two years of age, he was brought up in the home of his grand parents, with whom his mother lived, till he was sixteen years of age. He received a common school training in the public schools of Lancaster county, and entered the senior preparatory department of the South Carolina University, an institution which has sent forth some of the first men of the South, both in civil and eclesiastical spheres. He remained in this institution until the completion of his sophomore year in the classical department, which was in 1876, when Hon. Wade Hampton, now United States Senator, was elected Democratic Governor, at which time he and all students of color were compelled to leave this institution. He returned home, assisted his grandmother and mother in gathering the crop of that year, and then began his career as a teacher in the public schools of his native State. He received the position of clerk in the office of C. P. Pelham, County Auditor of Lancaster county, and remained with him till he secured a better position as teacher. While with Mr. Pelham he read law in the office of two of Lancaster's most prominent Democratic lawyers. It was while reading law he decided to make a close and earnest reading of the Bible; as such was recommended in Blackstone's Commentaries. His interest in the Bible soon grew more important to him than his reading in Blackstone and Kent. He was so much impressed with the truths of the Bible that he believed on Him who giveth life, and that abundantly, and was happily converted. He was licensed as a local preacher February 14, 1879, but kept up his profession as a teacher till November, 1881, when he joined the South Carolina Conference of the A. M. E. Zion Church, and was assigned to a pastoral charge.



While serving this charge he lived in the town of Chester, in which is located Brainard Institute, a Presbyterian school of note. He decided to finish his studies, and entered this institution in the spring of 1882. The principal, Rev, Samuel Lovinis, A. M., being pleased with him and recognizing in him those qualities which have distinguished him as an earnest worker and devoted student, gave him a position as teacher which paid him a fair salary and enabled him to keep up his studies. He remained in this school till he graduated, and was removed by the conference to Fort Lawn, S. C., where he had charge of the public school and two very good congregations. His work while here was highly acceptable to the people and greatly beneficial to the community. He improved the church property by purchasing and building to nearly $2,000 more than its value when he took charge. He was no less successful as a teacher. He succeeded in sending four bright students to Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C., two of whom have since graduated with honors, and are engaged in doing noble work in the church and school, one of whom is a teacher at her old home, and the other is pastor of the A. M. E. Zion Church in Akron, Ohio, and a student finishing up his studies in Buchtel College in that city. He remained in Fort Lawn three years, and then went to take charge of the A. M. E. Zion Church in Union, S. C. He remained in this town two years, was elected principal of the Howard School, and kept the position till transferred by Bishop S, T. Jones, D. D., of Washington, D. C., to the pastoral charge of John Wesley A. M. E. Zion Church, Pittsburg, Pa. This is the finest and largest colored church of the A. M. E. Zion denomination in western Pennsylvania, and the equal in beauty of any church in the city of Pittsburg. It was built under the pastorate of Rev. Jehu Holliday, but the frescoing and other finishing work has been done under the administration of Rev. Geo. W. Clinton, who has not been there one year till Dec. 7th.

Since being in this city (Pittsburg) he has commanded the highest esteem and confidence of his congregation, and won a host of friends among the neighboring pastors, churches and people in general. When the Afro-American Spokesman, the only regularly issued colored paper in western Pennsylvania, was launched on the sea of journalism by the Pittsburg and Allegheny ministers of all denominations who had formed themselves into a ministeral association, a publication company elected him managing editor of the Spokesman. He has continued to do its chief editorial work since its first issue, May 3d. When the paper was first issued it had not a single subscriber and only about sixty dollars stock in hand. It now has a subscription list of 700, and is set up in the company's office. Before taking charge of this paper Rev. Clinton had been employed as correspondent for the Star of Zion for a number of years. He was once one of the most interesting contributors. He has written for some of the leading papers of his native State, including the Charleston News and Courier, Charleston Sun, Centenary, Union Times, Lancaster Ledger and a number of colored papers. His article in the April number of the A. M. E. Review was one of merit and worth. For ten years he was the secretary, compiler and publisher of the proceedings of the South Carolina Conference, beginning in this capacity when he was only a layman. He has twice represented the South Carolina Conference in the General Conferences of his church, and was elected one of the secretaries of these two quadrennial assemblies held in New York city and Newberne, N. C. At the last General Conference held in Newberne, N. C., he was elected one of the commissioners on the part of the A. M. E. Zion Church to negotiate with similar commissioners on the part of the A. M. E. Church to effect a reunion between these two branches of colored Methodism. As a preacher Rev. Clinton is always forcible and earnest. His sermons exhibit studious thoughtfulness, careful preparation and breadth of information. He is an extensive reader, and owns one of the finest private libraries we have seen in the possession of one of his age.

Rev. Clinton was married in the twenty-first year of his age to Miss E. J. Peay, of Rock Hill, S. C., who was also a student of Brainard Institute. He is now serving his second year's appointment as pastor of John Wesley Church, having had the unanimous petition of the members for his return. His earnest and untiring efforts, including a perilous trip to western South Carolina during the trial of the celebrated Flemon-Yeddell case, were no small part of the means which brought about the acquittal of Flemon. He was the recognized leader in the contest, and how well he performed his task may be learned by the results achieved. He now has in press a volume which consists of a hundred or more pages, entitled "Sermons and Addresses," by Rev. Geo. W. Clinton. In addition to his studies as a student at the South Carolina University and his graduation from Brainard Institute, Rev. Clinton has also completed the four years' course of the C. L. S. C., located at Chautauqua, N. Y. Having been elected fraternal delegate to represent the Allegheny Conference, he will start South on the 7th of November, and visit the South Carolina and North Carolina conferences of his denomination. Rev. Clinton has always taken deep interest in those things which concerned the interest and welfare of his people. Some of his strongest articles have been on subjects pertaining to the rights and interests of the race.



CONFIDENCE AND RESPECT NECESSARY.

The man who takes the destiny of the colored race into his hands must already have their hearts—must be loved by them as well as honored and trusted. The very fact that there has been no man among us placed in such relation to the masses as to win their affections and confidence shows that all talk of a league must at present be only the foundation to something better, a good thing in its way, but which will not effectively materialize for some years to come.—Christian Recorder.

TOO MUCH GLITTER AND TINSEL.

Our people spend too much money to make a show. Persons who sometimes owe for, and can't pay their rent, and owe nearly everybody else, are too often seen in dresses that would lead people to think they are millionaires, when they really owe for the coats on their backs. They are sometimes seen in $50 uniforms parading in some society or other when they are unable to provide their families with the ordinary comforts of life. We agree with our Kansas City neighbor that while "outward display may be a good thing, home comforts and a record for honesty is a better thing."—S. W. C. Advocate.

GOOD REASONS FOR KEEPING THE NEGRO OUT.

Wonder how the Baltimore medical colleges feel when they read of the success of the colored prize orators at Harvard and Cornell. Last week they refused to allow a young colored man to enter their schools. This color-line business is a matter of self-preservation with many white people. If a colored man ever gets in one of those colleges in Baltimore he will make it warm for the Southern Bluebloods who go there. They are only safe while the colored man is barred.—Conservator.

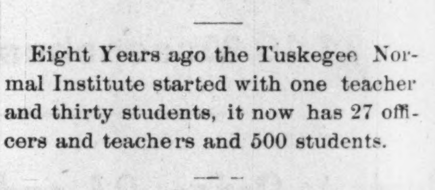
LET HIM ALONE.

A contributor to the Richmond "Dispatch" wishes to know "what shall be done with the Negro?" That is an easy question. Our answer is, nothing. Let him alone, treat him fairly, stop abusing him, and exhibit some gratitude to him for his great services to the country.—The Star of Zion.

WORK FOR THE FOOL KILLER

Senator Walker, of Mississippi, proposes to urge upon the Legislature of that State a bill prohibiting colored men from holding office.

The colored young men of Goldsboro have shown a commendable desire for improving their spiritual, social and mental condition by organizing a Young Men's Christian Association.—Goldsboro Argus.



The Georgia Baptist entered its ninth year last Saturday.

Don't miss the next issue of The Freeman. It will be a hummer.

"God's Vengeance is Creeping" is the title of a new poem by Prof. Solomon G. Brown, of Washington, D. C.

Eight Years ago the Tuskegee Normal Institute started with one teacher and thirty students, it now has 27 officers and teachers and 500 students.

H. C, Barnes, an attorney at law, formerly practicing in the courts of Ohio, has moved to Detroit, and is associated with Prof. D. A. Straker.

Hon. Frederick Douglass expects, some day, to write a novel in which a colored man will be hero. Many of his personal, and social tribulations will be woven into the narrative.

A colored orator at Harvard and colored football player in the Yale 'Varsity team! Brain and brawn are potent forces in the college world of America and jump right over the color line.—N. Y World,

Hon. Jas. E. O'Hara, ex-member of Congress from the second North Carolina District, is practicing law at New Berne, North Carolina, and is reported to be doing well, we are glad to note. His ability is conceded.

C. A. Davis, an intelligent young man of Washington, D. C., lectured at Ann Arbor, Mich., the 22d ult. and handled the Race Problem intelligently. He formerly attended Howard University, Washington, D. C.

Professor W. S. Scarborough, of Wilberforce University, who has contributed several able articles to the standard magazines recently, has nearly completed his second Greek text book which will be issued next spring.

Every stranger in Washington is much astonished to see the way in which the shanties of the poor blacks are mixed in with the handsome residences of the fashionable quarter. One colored family sold its shanty and small piece of lands in the most valuable district only last week for $65,000.

RACE
GLEANINGS

Duratus Jones and S. W. Goodal, of Louisville, Ky., have been appointed government storekeepers.

Over 15,000 colored emigrants from Georgia have gone to Arkansas and Texas in the last six weeks.

Dick Robinson, the champion welter weight of New England, is anxious to fight Hite Peckham for $200.

Wm. A. Darnes, of Cincinnati, O., has composed a set of waltzes, which prove him to be one of the most able musical composers.

The National Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, which was held last week at Louisville, was not a brilliant success.

The New York Star Concert Company, under the management of Miss Florence Williams, sailed Sunday, Oct. 20, for Kingston, Jamaica.

William Hayes, the efficient young colored postmaster, of Boydton, Va., is a splendid officer, and gives great satisfaction in that capacity.

Mr. John Good, of Chicago, has invented a folding camp stool which he is arranging to put upon the market. He values his patent at $18,000.

Miss Florence A. Turner, of Fort Leavenworth, Kan., has been awarded $500 damage for having been ejected from a first-class coach on the N. E. & St. Louis railroad.

There were over 2,000 names of colored voters stricken from the poll books at Lynchburg, Va., on the claim that the individuals had died or removed from the city.

Major Hill, of Banns county, Ga., challenged Will Gobee to a duel. When the men met on the ground, Hill did not wait to be placed in position but broke and ran.

The colored teachers of Kentucky and Georgia are discriminated against in regard to salary. In Georgia a white teacher receives $45, while the colored teacher receives but $20 for the same grade.

A wealthy white man of Pennsylvania, named William Thaw, died recently, leaving two large bequests to colored people. The first of ten thousand dollars goes to the Freedmens' Bureau, and the second of five thousand dollars will be settled upon Berea College.

Mrs. Charity Brown has left her second husband eloped from Atlanta with her first husband, Lee Shepherd, from whom she had been separated fifty years. They had been slaves in Virginia and she had been sold to a Georgia plantation. Both the elopers are past seventy.

There are five hundred colored families in Lee county, Kan., with good homes already paid for, and making from twenty-five to one hundred bales of cotton. In one settlement there are ten families who this fall will go over their own plantations with their own teams.

A correspondent from Atlanta, Ga., speaks of the very few Afro-Americans attending the exposition there and the disappointment and surprise of the whites at the lack of this class of patronage, and ascribes the absence of Afro-Americans to the "telling effect" of "Pledger's call."

The first reunion of the Seventh United States Colored Regiment took place in Baltimore, Oct. 24, the occasion of the twenty-sixth anniversary of the organization of the regiment. Mayor Latrobe welcomed them, and response was made by Major-General James Shaw, of Providence, R. I., the former commander of the regiment.

The colored man in Boston and for that matter in the whole State, who sees and handles more money in one hour than all the rest put together in a lifetime, is the veteran assistant specie redemption clerk in the United States Sub Treasury in Boston, Mr. J. J. Fatal, whose residence is now in Cambridge. "Mr. Fatal,' remarked Assistant United States Treasurer Aldrich the other day, "is the most skillful man to detect a counterfeit coin in the treasury department.—J. G. Street.

The Home for Aged Colored Women on Myrtle street, Boston, has just received a bequest of $5,000 from the late Elisha T. Loring, a prominent white citizen of Boston. The whole amount which this generous man has given to charitable institutions is nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

WILL DO SOMETHING FOR THE RACE.

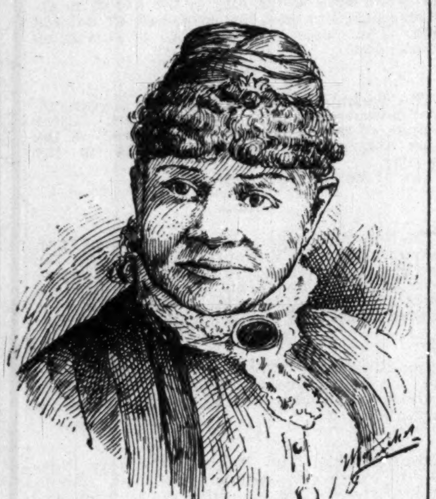
A Sketch of Mrs. Carrie Steele, of Atlanta, Ga.—Stewardess—Authoress.

We have just received a little volume entitled "The Life and Adventures of Mrs. Carrie Steele," stewardess at the Atlanta (Ga.) Depot. It is a book of observations rather than a biography, and a perusal of it will convince one that the authoress is a minute observer of people and things. Her life is best told in her own language, and we cull a few thoughts from her book:

I was born and raised in the State of Georgia. The war set me free.

I have been in pnblic service for more than twenty years, and have seen a great deal of the world and met with many remarkable adventures.

When I was a slave I learned to read and write, and educated myself the best I could. My contact with the world has been a good education of itself. In that long time ago, when Sherman marched to the sea through Georgia, it never entered my mind that I would live to see what I have seen and go through with what I have gone through with.



I have been at work as stewardess at the depot so long, and have become so worn out that I thought I would write a little book, and give my friends some little idea of the life I have led, and tell them something of the people I have come in contact with.

I have traveled a great deal and been in many large cities.

I went once as nurse to a sick lady who took me all over the country, and to a great many fashionable hotels.

We spent several weeks in New York city, where this lady was under treatment of a celebrated physician.

Sixteen years of my life were spent as stewardess in Macon, Ga.

I came to Atlanta nine years ago, and acted in the capacity of stewardess here, but I was wearing myself out with hard work, and I thought I would write a little book, and earn a living a little easier than spending all my days, rain or shine, in the Atlanta depot.

I have worked hard all my life, and saved my earnings as well as I could. I had a nest egg that I had saved up in Macon. It was deposited in Cubbage & Hazlehurst's bank, which broke, and I only got forty dollars out of my hard-earned five hundred.

Then I tried the plan of lending money at interest, and I lost that way seventy-five dollars. The parties to whom I loaned my seventy-five dollars went "square back" on me and took the homestead law. I was disheartened, and was fast losing confidence in people.

When my husband, John Steele, died, I left Macon and came to Atlanta. What money I had I invested in a home, which I now own.

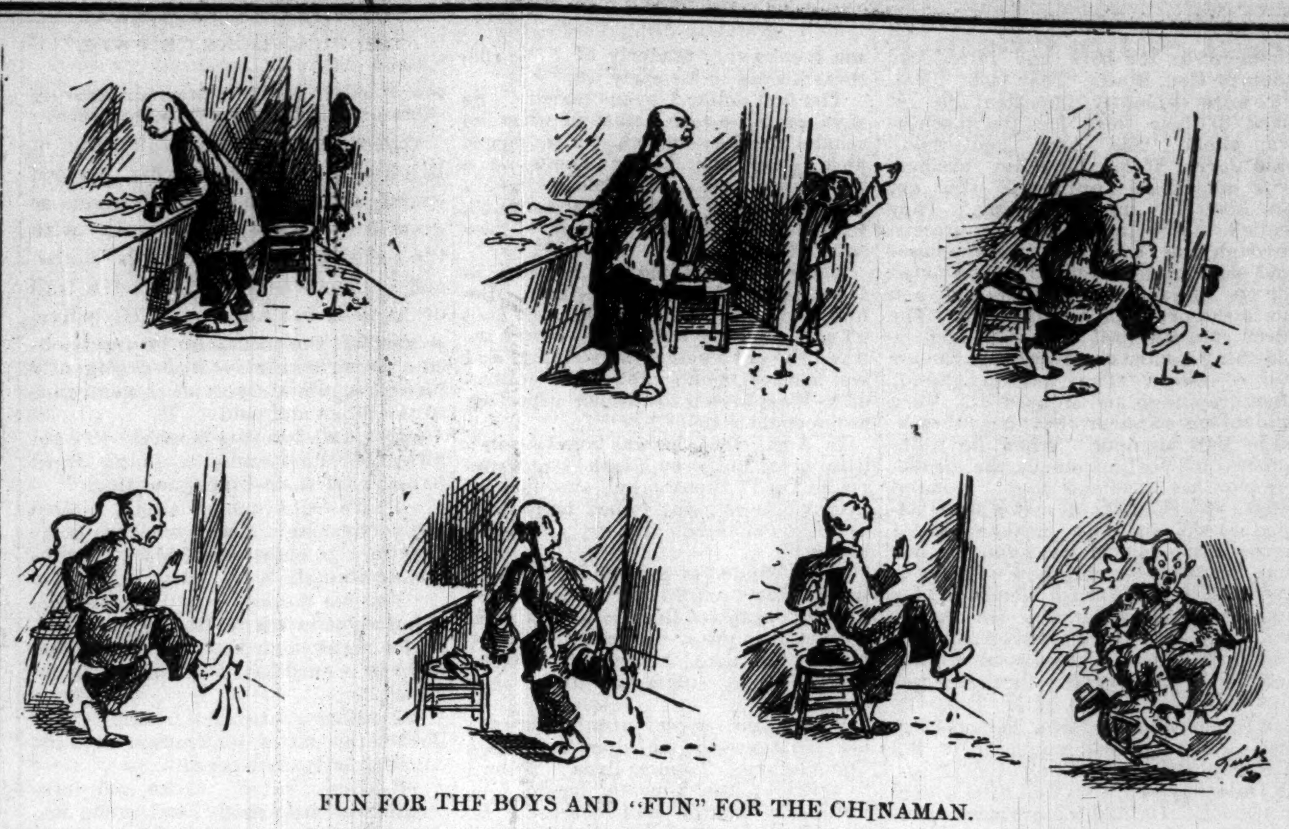
I have tried to be honest and upright, and to treat everybody kindly, and whenever I could do them a favor I did it with pleasure.

I think a merciful Providence provides for people who try to do right, and that fortune favors those who trust in God and try to help themselves. I have worked hard to do both. How well I have succeeded only He who knows all things can judge.

Mrs. Steele has a very commendable plan for founding an undenominational orphan asylum for the care and instruction of the friendless colored children. It is a great undertaking, but Mrs. Steele, who is well known throughout the whole country, has faith to believe she can succeed. Of course, the institution will be incorporated under the laws of Georgia, with trustees from among the best citizens. Meanwhile contributions for this object will be paid to Mrs. Carrie D. Steele, 112 Wheat street, through the Constitution, and by her deposited to the credit of the Atlanta Orphan Asylum

The following well-known people have expressed their hearty approval of Mrs. Steele's plan.

Jos. E. Brown, U. S. Senator; A. H. Colquitt, U. S. Senator; J. B. Gordon Governor of Georgia; Gustavus J. Orr, Commissioner of Education; Atticus G. Haygood, Agent Slater Fund; W. A. Hemphill, of "The Constitution;" H. W. Grady, of "The Constitution;" George Hillyer, ex-Mayor of Atlanta; Mrs. Theo. L. Cuyler, Brooklyn; Mrs. A. L. Chambers, Chicago; Mrs. J. M. Jones, Saratoga; J. Tyler Cooper, Mayor of Atlanta; A. B. Connolly, Chief of Police: W. L. Calhoun, Ordinary; Jos. S. Key, Bishop M. E. Church, South; Sidney Boot, Chas. D. Hill, W. D. Ellis, E. P. Chamberlain, L. P. Grant, Virgil Powers and many others.



FUN FOR THF BOYS AND "FUN" FOR THE CHINAMAN.

BLIND TOM IN CHICAGO.

Local Politics, Church and Social News.

Chicago (Ill.) Special to The Freeman.

With the Cronin case, the World's Fair, a political campaign and the refusal of the Republicans to confirm the nomination of a colored candidate at their convention, things are very much mixed for the next few days.

Bethel Church was overtaxed by patronage at Blind Tom's concert. Many could not gain admittance. Tom was at his best, the audience had a rare treat and it was a financial success.

Miss Florence Hunt, our talented essayist and elocutionist, and Mr. Nichols Hagen, shipping clerk at Fargo & Co.'s, both of whom were dangerously ill, are able to be out again.

The colored delegates to the Republican county convention, who were not well treated and did not secure a representative upon the ticket, are much dissatisfied. In the 24th Ward the Republicans refused the colored voters a delegate and the 24th Ward Democrats solicited a colored delegate and they got them. Two who could no longer stand the treatment of the Republican leaders in this ward. They are R. D. Marshall, delegate, and S. S. Cabell, alternate. The colored voters say they will support the ticket for once as they can't work forever and wait for results.

The Autumn Social, one of our leading clubs, gave its annual ladies complimentary reception Thursday evening. 24th ult. The affair reflects credit upon the officers and managers.

Our two applicants of North Chicago stood the civil service examination for carriers. L. N. Johnson, 77; Arthur Jones, 71.

The Appeal presented us with a cut of Clement Garret Morgan, chosen class orator at Harvard College.

Since The Freeman has made its appearance in Chicago it is in great demand.

The new Episcopal Mission which has been recently organized on the West Side appears to be in a flourishing condition. It will be hereafter known as St. Ambrose Mission. Eloquent discourses are being delivered by Mr. Lealted, who has charge. A choir of young ladies and gentlemen has been organized which sang for the first time last Sunday evening. The Sunday School is increasing in numbers and the lessons are very interesting. The officers elected are Mr. R. M. Hancock, Supt.; Mrs. J. Chenirs, Assistant Superintendent; Mrs. Blanche Shaw, Sec.; Robt. A. J. Shaw, Assistant Secretrry; Harry Zedwicks, Librarian; Wm. Nelson, Treasurer; Mrs. Carrie Hancock, Organist.

Miss Sarah Fields and Mr. Arthur Mason were quietly united in matrimony Wednesday, October 23, at 4 p. m., at the home of the bride on Wood street, Rev. Reynolds officiating. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Benjamin Titus, on Lincoln street, only intimate faiends and relatives being present.

Miss Addie Allen, of Madison, Ind., who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Jennie M, Johnson, of Ashland boulevard, left last week for her home.

Thursday the 31st ult., being Hallow Eve, was observed. Herman Baptist Church had an oyster supper. Provident Baptist Church a young folks' concert. Wm. Lloyd Garrison Assembly K. of L. a mass meeting at Quinns Chapel in the interest of the colored waiters in Chicago. There are 1,600 of them. The Garden City L. and S. Club, after rendering an excellent literary programme, gave a phantom surprise at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rolls.

The laundry and restaurant business are showing enterprise in Chicago and the race is extensively engaged therein.

The social season is open. Invitations and notices are keeping the men busy.

Mr. M. W. Pouder arrived home from Detroit, Mich., after an absence of four months, in good health and looks.

Miss Belle Buckner, one of our accomplished artists in crayon painting, and one of our Sunday School teachers, presented Shiloh Baptist Church, Englewood, with a purse of $29.10, receipts of a pink party given under her supervision. October 9.

The only infant daughter of R. S. Furgerson was buried the 3d inst., at Lawrence, Mich.

Mr. Frank Leslie purchased for his employes, last week, a fine pair o horses, a coupe and a pony, and received the credit of being a good judge of horse flesh and wagons.

Colored people of North Chicago are put to much inconvenience by being discriminated against as tenants, and it is almost impossible to secure a house, room, or cottage anywhere. This damnable bugbear of color cast is not limited to Chicago and we all know it.

Mrs. E. J. Oldham and Miss A. Carlisle received and entertained many of their friends at their residence, Thursday evening the 7th.

Lew Johnson's Colored Minstrel are playing in Washington Territory to a paying business.

Museum Vaudeville and drama Musee; Vaudeville Emmett Guards Hall, Nov. 6th Union church choirs concert.

Mrs. Louisa Mars an accomplished pianist and accompanist of Providenee has lately completed a drama known as "The Gypsy."

Mr. R. Henri Strange, tragedian of Philadelphia lately appeared at the Metropolitian Church, Washington in dramatic and humorist recitations.

The Griswold U. T. C. Co., which was organized at Chicago last week has among its members the Imperial Colored Quarttete, they are booked for twenty-one weeks and will visit California and British Columbia.

At the Theatres at Providence Opera House, week of Oct. 4th, E. H. Southern and the New York Lyceum Theatre Company in "Lord Chumley," Gaiety, the military drama "In The Ranks."

I have heard a great deal in reference to Miss Flora Batson marriage to her white manager, making her unpopular, she is playing to the largest business at present of her professional experience. Last week she appeared at Los Angels Theatre to a full house.

Green's Original Colored Minstrel who advertised all last season as playing the New England Circuit and who filled a very few engagements in New England, but played in different part of the country, they have now on the road the following troupe: Bob Green, proprietor and manager, "Judge" Crulso, business manager, Phil. Boyer, George Skilling's, Jos. Augustus, Lew. Brown, Burt Hawkins, Billy Jackson, Bunch Stanton, Charles Bloom, Harry Jones, George W. Brown, Alferd Holbery, William Noon, Joseph Dabney, D. C. Moore, Robert Dodge.

On Wednesday evening Oct. 23rd at the Twilight Banjo and Guitar Quartette rooms, Providence, the Ponham and Squantum Waiters tendered a reception to their head waiter Mr. G. W. Noyes. Music was furnished by the quartette composed of Messrs. E. S. Brown, John Easton, William Brown, John Barnett. Joseph Toomey sang the "Last Rose of Summer," in a pleasing manner. Mr. E. Freeman sang "Marguerites Farewell," Messrs. Monroe and Toomey, a duett, B. F. Lightfoot delivered recitations, J. V. Benzard, jig dance, toasts were responded to by the following gentlemen: Capt. John Frazier, Fred Conway, J. Monroe L. Revelto "Trace" O. Boon, E. W. Wheeler among the other present were Mrs. Frank Nichols, Chas. Sands, John Davis, Will Dixon, Thos. Bradford, Geo. Murray of Brooklyn. Winfield Wicks, John Brown, John Thompson, J. Revalion. After a sumptous report and many congratulation, the merry party dispersed for their several homes.

On Sunday a m Oct. 20th a concert company under the management of Miss Florence Williams of the New York Age, known as the New York Star Concert Company sailed by steam ship Athos for Kingston, Jamaica, they intend to visit West Indies, South and Central America. Mme. M. S. Jones, one of the finest Prima Donna's of the race styled "Black Patti" was to have gone as star. But we are informed owning to a refusal on the part of the manager of the compony to sign some certain contract the Mme. would not leave her home at Providence, R. I. So Mme. Allen of New York a singer of very little Providence was engaged to fill her place. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph who was also to with the party accepted an engagement to travel in Canada, however. a party of eight was made up those we know of are Miss India Bell of Providence, Messrs Jerry Lightfoot and W. Watts, New Bedford, Mass. Success to them.

Mme. Jones will probably be heard in the South and West this winter.

TRAGE.

THE ST. LOUIS NEWS.

St Louis (Mo.) Special to The Freeman,

The installation of the officers of Uniform Rank of K. of P. in this city will take place on the third Tuesday in this month.

The Lodges, Chapters and Ladies Courts of the Masonic fraternity have had invitations extended them to participate in the celebration of the 23d anniversary of Western Star Commandery No. 1. of Knights Templar, at Central Turner Hall, on 10th beween Market and Walnut streets, on the 11th of this month. A prize will be awarded to the lady who sells the highest number of tickets over 200 of a handsome pair of diamond ear rings, and to the Sir Knight who receives the highest number of votes a handsome Maltese cross.

An invitation has been extended to the St. Louis agent of this paper and wife to attend the celebration of the tenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. A. Franklin's marriage, Tuesday, Nov. 5, at the residence of Mr. W. H. Dorsey, 2120 Morgan street. Reception from 8 to 10 p. m. Those whom the honor is conferred upon reside at 1030 Elliot avenue.

Many receptions are given in honor of Miss Mann, of Cincinnati, Ohio, while visiting in St. Louis, by the young leading society people. Also, to Miss Smith, of Hannibal, Mo. One reception especially was tendered the young ladies Nov. 1st by Miss Maeter and Mrs. Charles Turner at No. 1823 Morgan street.

Lewis McKell, National District Deputy Knight Commander of the valiant Knights of Friendship for the State of Missouri, on the 29th of October established a new camp of valiant Friendship Knights in the city of Moberly, Mo., with the following officers: Valiant Knight G. M. West, Commander; Haden Brown, Sr. K. C.; R. W. Kirby, Jr. K. C.; Levi Kitchen, K. W.; W. H. Thompson, C. O. G.; Henry Graves, 1st G.; Henry Green, 2d G.; Robert Williams, K. D.; Hough Proctor, P. L. McKell enjoyed his trip.

Dr. W. J. Simmons is in Arkansas.

The United States has 113,000 Dunkards.

There are forty-nine Jewish synagogues in New York City.

Rev. J. W. Carr, pastor of the Second Baptist church in this city will return from his vacation this week.

"Pulpit eloquence" of the colored people will be elaborately illustrated and published in an early issue of this paper.

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Christian church. of Kansas, was held at Kansas City, Kansas, Oct. 18 to 21.

The Presbyterians and Episcopalians have decided to erect substantial headquarters at Chautauqua with stone material.

The smallest church in North America is at the mouth of the Saguenay river, Lower Canada. It has room for only twenty people.

Sam Jones said that the difference between some colored people, is that the whites are white on the outside and black on the inside, while the colored people are black on the outside and white on the inside.

The Rev. John Jasper, of "the sun do move" fame, refused to be drawn into the political campaign in Virginia for this reason: "My mission here on earth is to preach the gospel truth, and I have no time to be going to and fro through this land making speeches and mixing up with politics. I am trying to serve God and teach the Scriptures."

Rev. T. H. Phillips, editor and proprietor of the Brother's Optic, Moberly, Md., is well off in this world's goods. He owns real estate in different portions of the State, also a large grocery store in the city of Moberly. Th Phillip's family of five, have each a financial share in the Optic printing establishment.

PEORIA, ILL., PICKINGS.

The Peoria Literary Society met Tuesday night at Zion Baptist Church, and was well attended. After the exercises of class A. which consisted of addresses, instrumental music, essays, and select reading, were concluded, the question, "Resolved, that intemperance is a greater curse to our country than war," was ably discussed.

Mr. F. Hopkins was awarded the prize at the spelling match on last Thursday night.

Mr. O. W. Mitchem, the colored lawyer, who has recently located here, is building up a good practice.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Curse have moved into their new home on Seventh street, and have a very pleasant home. Miss Florence Smith, Mrs. Annie Burnell and Ernest Gilbert are still on the sick list.

M. J. A.

WHEN THEY WERE BOYS.

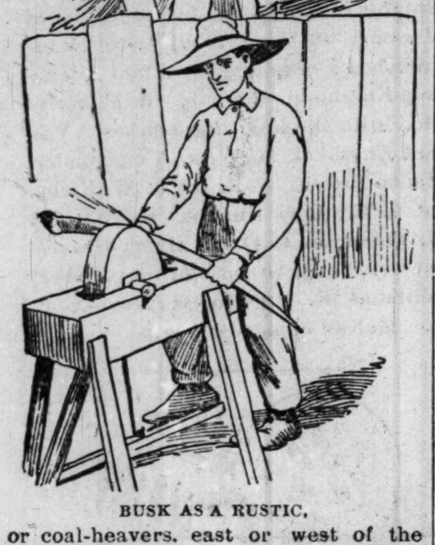
The Infancy and Youth of the Present Administration.

WHEN BLAINE WAS GROWING.

Jerry Rusk as a Rustler—Windom on a Buckeye Farm—Commissioner Tanner's First Dollar—At Lincoln's Death Bed.

Special Washington letter.

Nobody knows who will be elected president forty years from now—say in the quadrennial summer of the year 1928—but it is safe to allege that that future functionary is now a poor boy, from 5 to 15 years of age, born of poor parents and possessing few friends and few dollars. And a majority of the eight or ten members of his cabinet are also friendless and penniless, and their fathers are struggling farmers or bricklayers or car-drivers or coal-heavers, east or west of the Alleghanies, or herders rounding up steers on the plains of Colorado. Analogy leads us to anticipate this, for the sons of such workingmen it is who have formed a majority of every cabinet in the history of the country. At least ten of our presidents have grown from young men who worked as day laborers for hire, and sometimes did not know where they should get their next dinner.



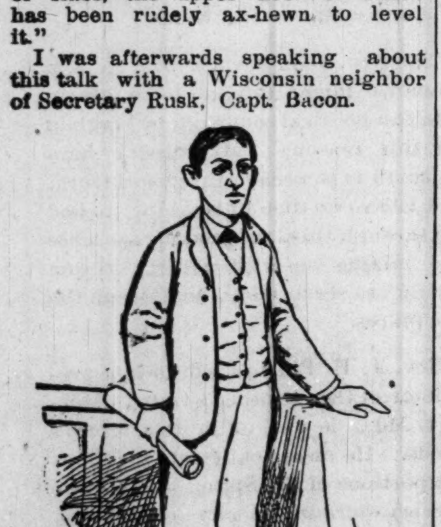
RUSK AS A RUSTIC.

Secretary Jeremiah M. Rusk of the agricultural department is a fine sample of the self-made man of this generation. He was born and grew to manhood in the southeastern corner of Ohio, near the banks of the Little Muskingum. Here his father had early stuck his stakes in the midst of the primeval forest. Jerry was very big and strong of his age and always after he was 12 he did a man's day's work.

I beguiled him the other day into talking about those days. "My mind craved knowledge," he said, as much as it has ever done, but I hated the schoolroom and its restraints. I was a truant whenever I could be and now I often lament that I did not stick to my books. But I had uncommon strength and agility, and took great pleasure in them. After I was 13 my father always put me forward to lead the men all day at whatever was to be done—sowing, reaping, plowing, mowing, logging or pulling stumps. We cut grain with a sickle then, and half an acre was a fair day's work. Our farm had to be cut out of the solid forest by the toughest of hard work, and I detested the work and worry of getting out the underbrush. I learned to do everything that a farm required.

"We had all the sports of a frontier neighborhood, and they sprang from the same motives and needs that actuate the young to-day. The first dance I ever attended was held in one of those primitive cabins on a puncheon floor. You don't know what a puncheon floor is? Why, a floor of logs or slabs, the upper floor of which has been rudely ax-hewn to level it."

I was afterwards speaking about this talk with a Wisconsin neighbor of Secretary Rusk, Capt. Bacon.

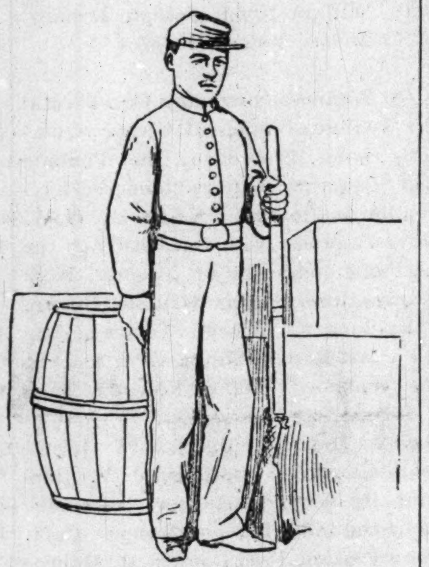


YOUNG BLAINE AS A GRADUATE.

"Jerry was always a rustler," remarked the captain, with enthusiasm. "Physically he was a terror before they came from Ohio—peaceable, but could lick any boy around. And in certain sorts of farm work he was an expert, unexcelled and unequaled in our parts. Did you ever hear how he got to congress the first term? Well, he had marched through to the sea with Sherman and had won a brigadier general's star, and he was pretty popular. But there was another man in the district who seemed to have the grip on the nomination which Rusk wanted. It was evident that the thing was going to be close. One lively township was pretty certain to carry Pierce county, and it was generally understood that one family, whom I will call Beasley, could carry the county. One day the chairman of our committee drove around and said to Rusk, 'Jerry, we must go up and see the Beasleys—I hear they are against you. So up they drove and found the Beasley boys threshing wheat with a big four-horse Fischer machine requiring six men. The chairman called them out to the bars and introduced them to Gen. Rusk. They said little, but were evidently impatient to get back to their work, for the machine was silent. 'See here, gentlemen,' said Jerry, 'if you have any business with my friend here I will step out and keep the machine going.' They smiled incredulously, but he walked through the bars, took their places and said, 'Start 'er up!' They started 'er up. Jerry was 39 years old, and he in the prime of his strength. The hired men whipped the horses and the old thing hummed. Jerry kept the air full of wheat. The brothers stared, then drew nigh and enjoyed it. Very seldom has so much wheat been threshed in half an hour. When he relinquished his position one of the brothers took his hand and said: 'General Rusk, we are glad to make your acquaintance, sir. My brothers and I agree in the decision that you are our man for congress, and they wish me to say that if you thrash democrats as you can thrash wheat, you can thrash 'em like h—' Pierce county threw its vote for Rusk, and he was nominated and elected to congress three successive terms."

William Windom, who for the second term holds the portfolio of the treasury department, was, like Rusk, an Ohio boy and also like him a farmer's boy. He had the ordinary commonplace experiences of an average farmer's boy. He chopped and carried wood, he drove and milked cows, he learned to build fences, to manage horses and to help about the myriad labors of a farm. He read as he got a chance, attended a debating society to his great mental stimulation, went to school winters and finally attended the academy in the adjoining village of Mount Vernon—just about the geographical center of Ohio.

Young Windom made the most of his opportunities, and without taking a college course began the study of law with Judge Hurd, father of Hon. Frank Hurd, the eminent free trader. From the very first he seems to have carried about him great personal popularity, for he was elected county attorney by the whigs by a majority of 200 in a county which usually went 300 democratic, and before he was 25 he was chosen grand worthy Patriarch of the sons of temperance of the state. His youth was not made stormy by the unusual vicissitudes but had something of the tranquil surface that has characterized the career of his manhood.



CORPORAL TANNER AT 18.

James G. Blaine, whether for good or ill, was born of a family that did not have that desperate struggle with poverty, illiteracy and adversity that marked the early years of Lincoln, Greeley, Garfield and a majority of other men who have risen to eminence in this land. His father was above privation and even well-to-do for he was worth $50,000. He was a college graduate and member of the bar, a thrifty citizen and for years the prothonatary of the court, and he married a lady of culture and accomplishments who brought him $25,000 in cash and 500 acres of improved land. His grandfather had fought by Washington's side and saved the army at Valley Forge. Even little Jimmy himself, was patted on the head and patronized by Andrew Jackson.

Blaine was born and reared in an atmosphere of educated refinement and of successful achievement. He went to the district school young and learned rapidly. In garmmar he became expert; he read the Waverly novels and Dickens; and he could spell the whole town down at spelling-school. He was not precocious, but he was brainy and plucky. At 9 he had committed "Plutarch's Lives" to memory.

When he was 11 years old he was sent to Ohio (where young Harrison, Windom, Noble, and Rusk were all then struggling) to to live in the family of his mother's cousin—a member of President Harrison's cabinet—Hon. Thomas Ewing, secretary of the treasury. In the spacious home amid elevating scenes and conversation, he prepared for college, his instructor being a brother of Lord Lyons, then stranded in the Buckeye state—in which at least five members of the present cabinet got an important part of their education and four of them were born.

One event of his boyhood, occurring when he was 11 years old, is credited to Blaine himself. His mother was a rigid Catholic, like her mother and grandmother, but his father, Ephraim Blaine, was a strict Presbyterian. When, in 1842, he was nominated by the whigs for a country office, the Catholic priest, who was a bitter political opponent, asked to certify that Blaine was a member of his church, replied with the following:

"This is to certify that Ephraim L. Blaine is not now and never has been a member of the Catholic church, and furthermore, in my opinion, is not fit to be a member of any church."

This was considered a certificate of supererogation.

Commissioner James Tanner was born and grew to manhood in Schoharie county, just southwest of Albany, N. Y. His father and mother had a severe struggle with penury and hardship, as the former was disqualified by blindness for effective work and his wife was compelled to toil early and late to support the family. Her son speaks very tenderly of these pathetic scenes in his early life.

The first dollar I ever earned," he says, on those rare occasions when he alludes to the subject, "was earned picking up and piling stones on a neighbor's farm. I picked stones six days at 25 cents a day and earned $1.50, with which I got my mother a new calico dress.

Before he was 17 he had enlisted in the army and hurled to the front. Before he was 19 he had both legs shot off at the second Bull Run. Before he was 19 he got a pair of wooden legs and had learned phonography and returned to Washington to do such reporting as he could find.

In April, 1865, he was boarding in a little brick house on Tenth street, opposite Ford's theatre, and one evening just as he was going to bed he heard a tumult outside and the cry, "Lincoln is shot!"

The wounded president was carried in next door, and in half an hour Stanton had organized there in a back room a court of inquiry. He called for a reporter to take testimony. Young Tanner was summoned from next door.

I called on a recent evening at the old Georgetown mansion in which Commissioner Tanner lives. When I referred to the Lincoln incident he went to a drawer and carefully removed and unrolled some phonographic manuscript. I looked at it to be a report in a very ligible short hand of the testimony of that fateful night.

"A young man whom I knew came and called me," said Mr. Tanner. "I could not get from one house to the other because of the crowd, and I went up stairs and crossed upon the balconies. From 11 o'clock till 4 in the morning testimony was taken, and I wrote as hard as I could. Then I went at work to transcribe it in long hand, and wrote till 6. In the front room lay Mr. Lincoln surrounded by doctors and friends, and Mrs. Lincoln and the children were in another room weeping aloud. Just before Mr. Lincoln died I went into the room again and remained till all was over.

W. A. CROFFUT.

Fruit a Perfect Food.

Some people are afraid to eat fruit, thinking that fruit and diarrhœa are always associated, when, if they understood the true cause of the diarrhœa, they would know that it was caused by eating meat. In hot weather meat putrefies very quickly, and during this process alkaloids are formed which are very poisonous, acting as emetics and purgatives. 'Tis true that fruit eaten green or between meals will interfere with digestion and cause bowel troubles; but use fruit that is perfectly ripe at mealtime, and only beneficial results will follow.

Acids prevent calcerous degenerations, keeping the bones elastic, as well as preventing the accumulation of earthy matters. This is because of the solvent power of the acids; but manufactured acids are not harmless, as are those which nature has prepared for us in the various kinds of fruit. Fruit is a perfect food when fully ripe, but if it were in daily use from youth to age there would be less gout, gall-stones and stone in the bladder. Stewed apples, pears and plums are favorite articles of diet. For breakfast or luncheon, in the dining-room or in the nursery, there are few table dishes more wholesome and more delicious than well stewed fruit served up with cream or custard.

There are many persons, however who cannot eat it on account either of the acidity of the fruit or the excess of sugar necessary to make it palatable. Sugar does not, of course, counteract acidity; it only disguises it, and its use in large quantities is calculated to retard digestion. The housewife may, therefore, be grateful for the reminder that a pinch, a very small pinch, of carbonate of soda, sprinkled over the fruit previously to cooking, will save sugar, and will render the dish at once more palatable and more wholesome.—Medical Classics.

Her Present.

She gave me—shall I tell you what
Has raised this feeling in my breast—
Made my poor heart go pit-a-pat—
Caused many hours of broken rest?

She gave me—not a blushing rose,
So sweetly decked with pearls of dew—
The rose that yields its richest perfume,
Arrayed in nature's brightest hue.

She gave me—not the winning smile
With which the hearts of men are broken—
The smile that sends a thrill of joy,
And not a single word is spoken.

She gave me—ah! shall I confess it?
Shall I confess how I was bitten?
She gave me that which she, indeed,
Has many times bestowed—the mitten!
—Willard O. Wylie in Boston Journal.

A Fearful Stroke of Lightning.

There was a blinding blast, a terrific crash, as if the skies had been set on fire and the earth had fallen in pieces. On Saturday afternoon the people of East Point, a village six miles from Atlanta, were shocked from a stroke of lightning the like of which had never been experienced by any of them before. About dusk a gray cloud hung over the town. There had been no lightning, no thunder, nor any indication of an electric storm. Suddenly a flash and a crash came simultaneously and people rushed from their houses with blanched faces. The danger was past, but the brief experience was terrible. There had been an electric shower. The lightning had separated into twenty or more bolts and struck as many places within a radius of a quarter of a mile. The air was filled with the odor of brimstone and a copper-colored cloud floated northward from the city. A wind-mill was struck and damaged, the grass on a lawn was burned up, a window in a house was shattered and the carpet in a bed-room scorched, a cow was killed, a tree split open and a telegraph operator knocked from his chair. The most wonderful thing about the electric shower was the rolling of great balls of fire up the railroad tracks. The small masses went bouncing along the rails to the terror of the citizens. It was certainly a terrible bolt of lightning, and those who were near will remember it to their dying day.—Macon Telegraph

THE PICKPOCKET'S FATE.

He Played an Old Man on Coney Island and Got Hair Dye Dodgers.

One of the excursionists landing at Brighton Beach the other day seemed exactly fitted to the term "green as grass." He was an oldish man, with the scent of burdocks in his cloths, and as he moved around he left a trail of hayseed behind him. He had no sooner left the train than he approached a young man who was negligently leaning against a post at the entrance to the depot and said:

"By gum! but this is nice. I've got away for a day, and I'm going right in and have a slashing good time."

"That's right, uncle," kindly replied the young man; "that's what we come here for—to enjoy ourselves. It takes money though."

"You bet it does, but I've got the rhino right in my cloths. Bin savin' up for eight months. I'm jest goin' right in regardless of expense. Look-a-here!"

He pulled a fat wallet from his hind pocket and patted it affectionately, and confidentially whispered:

"R-h-i-n-o, rhino! Come and have a drink of sasaparilly and some ice-cream."

The two were soon fast friends. Several philanthropists sought to signal the old man that he was in tow of a pickpocket, but he was oblivious. The young man "steered" him from place to place, paying for soda water, ginger ale and peanuts in the most liberal manner, but somehow every time he attempted to go down in that hind pocket, the hind pocket wasn't there. After three hours hard and persevering work he finally got his fingers on the wallet and quickly transferred it. Then he suddenly announced:

"Say you wait right here a minute. There's a party out there I want to speak to."

"All right," responded hayseed, looking up from his cream, "but don't be gone long. I'm a-having the goshdurnedest best time in my life, and I don't want nothin' to happen."

Something did happen however, The young man did not return. Several hours later old hayseed went up to Manhatten Beach and found him sitting on a bench gazing pensively out to sea.

"Scuse me," he said, "but if it's the stomach ache, I've got a phial of pepermint essence here."

"Sir! Are you speaking to me?" demanded the young man as he bristled up.

"Yes, sorter to you. You are feeling sorrowful. You have my sympathy. When you came to open that wallet and found it stuffed full of hair-dye dodgers, I'd a gin a bushel of 'tatters to look at yer phiz. Look a-here!"

And he pulled a great wad of greenbacks from his pocket and patted it fondly and said:

"Thar's nothin' mean about me. I'm simply an old ruta-baga from the agricultural districks. Let's have a glass of pop."

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So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interests of the colored people is The Freeman of this city. No other paper is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified, and its illustrated sketches of the colored literary men and women are exceedingly well conceived and executed.—Indianapolis Journal.

A GROWING PAPER.

The Freeman, a paper conducted in this city by Edward E. Cooper, in the interests of the colored race, has grown to be a creditable journal. It is illustrated each week, well printed, and is well conducted editorially.—Indianapolis News.

IT MUST BE SEEN.

The Freeman of this city is the ablest newspaper in the United States published by colored men. The paper itself is proof of this statement.—Sun.

The Washington Bee, one of the ablest colored newspapers published says of us: Editor Cooper, of the Indianapolis "Freeman," is the most enterprising Negro Journalist in the country.

The "Freeman" is a necessity.

The National Leader; The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., E. E. Cooper, manager is the only pictorial publisher in the country. Though in its infancy it has taken front rank in illustrates newspaperdom. We consider it the Harper's Weekly of the colored race.

The illustrated "Freeman" of Indianapolis, Ind., is to the colored people, what Frank Leslie is to the whites.—The Advocate, Leavenworth, Kan.

Brother Optic; The Freeman the only illustrated Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro Journalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and asks for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes but as American citizens. How can our leaders do without it?

One of our contemporaries kindly says; The Freeman is a new and long needed venture in Negro journalism, every department complete and ably managed, which demonstrates the fact that we have men among us who possess the same marke tastes, traits and abilities which the white men have."

Another remarks; "The Freeman adds another brilliant star to Negro Journalism. Unlike the ordinary weekly journal, it is an illustrated paper, with strong editorials and fresh news that gives it a decided advantage over the average weekly newspaper.

The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States. It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons.—The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, South Carolina.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shows that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.,

The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

The position of The Freeman among the Negro journals is admirable and unique. The faithful portraiture and graphic sketches of noted colored men published weekly are gratifying in a high degree.—Southern News.

The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race, It contains cuts and biographical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

On the last page is always found a comic cut of some of the common discriminations practiced against the race. The paper is well edited, and a credit to the editor and the race.—The Corner stone.

Decidedly the best newsyaper in typographical makeup and mechanical arrangement published in this country is The Freeman, an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advise them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.—Va, Lancet.

The Freeman is by far the best and ablest newspaper the colored people have ever had.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

As a Newspaper.

It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

A Political Paper.

It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people. It will commend the good and condemn the bad in all parties. It believes in free speech, a free ballot and a fair count.

An Historical Paper.

It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history of the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

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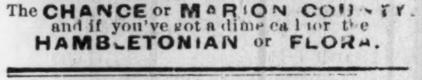

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LUNA AND LUNACY.

The Influences of Various Seasons on Minds Diseased.

The old idea that luna and lunacy have an intimate relation appears to be not wholly without foundation, says the Pall Mall Gazette. This, at any rate, is demonstrated by the commissioners in lunacy for Scotland: That the seasons have a distinct influence on asylum statistics. The tables of admissions during the years 1880–7 show that there are two well-marked periods—one in which the number rises considerably above the average, and the other in which it falls considerably below. The average monthly number, for the eight years was 1,699. During the three months of May, June, and July the number was 628 above what it would have been if the average number had been admitted. On the other hand, during the months of October, November, December and January the number was 462 below what it would have been if the average number had been admitted. The table shows further that this rise and this fall are preceded by a gradual fall, the rise taking place during February, March, and April, and the fall taking place during July, August and September.

"The special frequency," the commissioners say, "with which asylum treatment is resorted to during the period from the middle of April to the middle of July corresponds with what has been observed by asylum physicians—that there is a tendency to an exacerbation of the mental disorder of patients in asylums during the early part of summer; and it is interesting to notice also that the statistics of suicide in the general population show that this occurs most frequently during the same period."

The greatest number of recoveries take place during June, July, and August, and they are fewest during the months of November, January, and February. The regularity in the rise and fall of the numbers is twice interrupted by a fall in April, and the fall is interrupted by a rise in December. "It is considered probable that these interruptions are due to some causes which recur regularly at these periods, because they are well marked in character; and it is suggested that the December rise is occasioned, in part at least, by the annual statutory revision of the condition of patients in asylums during that month. This revision is made by medical officers of asylums with a view to determine whether they can properly give the certificate of the necessity for further detention in the asylum, which is annually required to legalize the continued residence of all patients who have been three years in an asylum. The occurence of the large number of recoveries during the months of June, July, and August is probably due to the large number of admissions during May, June, and July, as more than 48 per cent of all the recoveries which take place during the first year of residence occur within three months of the date of admission."

A Parisian Joke.

The many acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, prominent members of the First Baptist church of this city, says the Minneapolis Journal, are telling an amusing story in which the two were the chief characters. The scene is laid in gay Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds recently made a lengthy European trip. While in Paris they were patrons of a fashionable hotel. For several months previous to leaving for the tour abroad Mrs. Reynolds assiduously applied all her energies to studying the French language. She was an unusually apt scholar. When the time for leaving home came Mrs. Reynolds' teacher congratulated her upon the rapid manner in which she had mastered the language, and Mrs. Reynolds personally believed she was proficient enough to cope with the Parisians in their own tongue when the great metropolis should be reached.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds spent many a pleasant day in Paris, and only have in remembrance one brief half-day of agonizing misery. It happened this way: In Parisian hotels the attaches are suave and obliging. One afternoon Mr. Reynolds journeyed downtown alone. When Mrs. Reynolds found herself ready to leave her apartments she turned to the bright-eyed waiting-maid, and, with the best French at her command, told the girl to tell her husband, when he returned to the room, that she had gone down into the public parlor, where she would wait for him.

"Oui, madame," replied the girl with a knowing smile and a low courtesy. It was evident the girl had had such commands given her before.

Mrs. Reynolds passed down to the public parlor. She waited a full hour for her husband and by that time became very nervous over his non-appearance. She went up-stairs and went out upon the verandah. When nearly opposite her apartments, she heard strange sounds from within. Passing quickly to the window she was thunderstruck to see her husband pacing the floor at a lively gait, gesticulating wildly with his hands and muttering savagely. Ever and anon he would try the door. It would not open. Mrs. Reynolds ran to his assistance; opened the door; the girl was found, and then followed general explanations. Mrs. Reynolds' French had tripped her up, so to speak. The girl understood her to say she should lock her husband in the room when she returned, and she obeyed orders. Both Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds afterward enjoyed the joke hugely.

Thereafter, however, Mrs. Reynolds insisted that the language of her forefathers was good enough for her.

Perfectly Convenient.

"Could you render a poor printer, out of work and destitute, a little assistance?" queried a disreputable-looking specimen as he came, in a hesitating manner, into the sanctum. "Don't put yourself out," he added hastily as the editor rose with great suddenness—"don't put yourself out." "I won't," said the editor cheerfully, as he rolled up his sleeves; "it isn't myself that I'm going to put out."—Epoch.

Novelties in Jewelry.

Jeweler's Weekly.

A berry blossom of black enamel with silver back makes a beautiful pin.

A miniature ivory painting shown through a thick crystal is now seen on plain hoop bracelets.

A unique silver glove-stretcher has two Japanese warriors represented in belligerent attitudes on each handle.

A fern leaf ribbed with small diamonds, set in neatly chased old gold, forms an unpretentious yet tasteful brooch.

A heart-shaped pink topaz, surrounded by small diamonds, forms an exceedingly tasteful pendant for a lady's chain.

A horseshoe of diamonds and rubies, with a single pearl in the centre, forms an artistic and pretty head for a scarfpin.

Odd, yet attractive, is a finger ring formed by a miniature gold police handcuff with the projecting point clasping a brilliant.

Three diamonds scattered among the petals of a pink enamel chrysanthemum is a lace pin that will soon become seasonable.

A scarfpin representing a fox poking his head through the curve pipe of a bugle is decidedly pleasing as well as unique.

A silver belt buckle simulating a bunch of wild daisies, the centres of which are of silver gilt, has recently been much affected.

In the English law reports, a case is reported of a baker who was convicted for using alum in making bread. A similar law in this country would be the means of driving out a great number of the baking powders which are largely composed with this drug. To be safe, consumers should buy the old and ever reliable Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder,

---

Being asked the name of the world's greatest composer; a smart university young man said; "Chloroform."

Listen—a song of rejoicing.
Hearts that were heavy are glad,
Women, look up and be hopeful,
There's help and there's health to be had.
Take courage, O weak ones despondent,
And drive back the foe that you fear.
With the weapon that never will fail you.
O, be of good cheer.

for when you suffer from any of the weaknesses, "irregularities," and "functional derangements," peculiar to their sex, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription you can put the enemy of ill-health and happiness to rout. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See bottle-wrapper.

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

On board ship the ropes should do as they are taut.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

The man who is brimful of irrepressible conundrums is very frequently unwelcome guessed.

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The Eiffel Tower of American Conception.

Washington Post.

There are really very few great engineering schemes of the present day that cannot be traced more or less directly to American ingenuity and originality. The Eiffel Tower, which has been the most conspicuous adjunct of the Paris Exposition, was not original with Mr. Eiffel, either in conception or design. In the Scientific American of Jan. 21, 1874, Mr. David Reeves published an article suggesting a tower somewhat similiar to that which now overlooks Paris. In that same year plans were furnished by Clark, Reeves & Company, of Phœnixville for such a tower to be erected at the Centennial Exposition. The tower was to be 1,000 feet high, 150 feet in diameter at the base, and 30 feet at the top. M. Eiffel improved upon the architectural beauty of the design, but he has always acknowleged that its conception was wholly American inventive genius.

A Logical Youngster.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Seven-Year-Old (who has been attracted by the flaming showposters, to pious mother)—Mamma, are theaters bad?

Mamma—Yes, dear.

Seven-Year-Old—Don't God like theaters?

Mamma—No, dear.

Seven-Year-Old—Then what does he make actors for?

Feed the Hungry.

New York Weekly.

Small Insect—"I'm awful hungry."

Mother Insect—"Be patient, dear; the housekeeper will be along pretty soon with some more of that nice insect powder."

Returning Home.

New York Weekly.

First Tramp—"Look at the footprints in this 'ere road. Looks like a regiment had marched over it."

Second Tramp—"This 'ere is the road from Washington to Indianapolis."

A Sure Sign.

"Well, summer's over at last," remarked a man who came in.

"Yes. I think it is; I notice you left the door open."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Chestnut burrs, like milliners, have fall openings.

The Western railroads have now made a sweeping reduction in the rates for broom corn.

Our devil has the conceit that a "plunger" is so called because he risks his money on divers horses.

Spreading rails and spreading blanket mortages appear to be the most prolific cause of railroad wrecks nowadays.

The dignity of labor is all right, but it is the dig night and day of labor that many people complain of.—Texas Siftings.

A conscienceless tenant and a tramp with a ragged coat are very much alike—they are each oblivious of the back rent.

Channel buoys are professional "floaters." This may account for so many of them being found in the vicinity of harbor bars.

Our Supply of Coal.

Philadelphia Record.

Prof. McGee, of the United States Geological Survey, says that a calculation as to the quantity of anthracite coal in the country and the probable consumption leads to the conclusion that such deposits will be exhausted within a century, while, judging from the known supply, bituminous coal will not last longer than three or four centuries. It is altogether probable, however, that great veins of undiscovered bituminous coal may yet be tapped.

The Fruit of Violence.

In no case is the folly of violence in medication more conspicuously shown by its fruit than in the effect upon the intestines of excessive purgation. The stomach and bowels are first painfully griped, then the latter is copiously, suddenly and repeatedly evacuated. This is far beyond the necessities of the case, most unnatural, excessively debilitating. The organs are incapacitated from resuming their function with normal moderation. An astringent is resorted to which reduces them to their former condition of inaction. To this monstrous and harmful absurdity, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the happy alternative. It relaxes gently, naturally, sufficiently. it diverts bile from the blood into its proper channel, it insures healthful digestion and complete assimilation. It is a complete defense against malaria, and conquers rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, kidney and bladder trouble.

The 1,200 heirs to the immense but mythical Baker estate find their cake all dough.

You wear out clothes on a wash board ten times as much as on the body. How foolish. Buy Dobbins' Electric Soap of your grocer and save this useless wear. Made ever since 1864. Don't take imitations. There are lots of them.

No doubt the sporting man always hopes to go to a better land.

Did You Read

the large advertisement of The Youth's Companion which we published last week? This remarkable paper has the phenomenal circulation of 430,000 copies weekly. No other journal is more welcomed by old and young in the families throughout the land. The publishers make a special offer once a year, and to all who subscribe now will send the paper free to January 1, 1890, and for a full year from that date. The subscription price is $1.75. Address, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

The adages of the Indians are all Chickasaws, doubtless.

The Excitement Not Over.

The rush on the druggists still continues, and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 50c and $1. Trial size free.

Every man who puts a nickel in the slot expects to get the drop on the machine.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

When he has a cold in the head is the only time Bob Ingersoll is on his sneeze.—Texas Siftings.

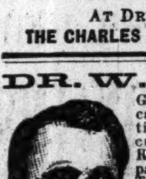
Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

Smoke the best—"Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

ST. JACOBS OIL
For Neuralgia.

"Cured! Now and an Hour Ago!"
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

DR. W. H. SARBER



Gives special attention to all delicate diseases of both sexs. Regulating remedies furnished. Cancers, cures guaranteed without the knife. Rupture, no cure no pay, and no pay until cured. Piles. Rectal Troubles successfully treated, and cure guaranteed. For the successful treatment of any other ills not mentioned call on or address, DR. SARBER, 96½ South Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
All letters containing 2c stamp promptly answered and medicines sent to order.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.
Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Trade Mark
I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.
$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

HOW to CURE CATARRH. A circular describing a new and non irritating home treatment, that will cure Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Hay Fever, Throat Affections, Bronchitis, and Consumption in its incipient stage, will be sent any one thus affected, by addressing D. YINGLING, M. D., Huntington, Ind.

TOWER'S
TRADE MARK
FISH BRAND
This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, Free. A. J. Tower, Boston.

Catarrh in the Head
Originates in scrofulous taint in the blood: Hence the proper method by which to cure catarrh, is to purify the blood. Its many disagreeable symptoms, and the danger of developing into bronchitis or that terribly fatal disease, consumption, are entirely removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cures catarrh by purifying the blood; it also tones up the system and greatly improves the general health. Try the "peculiar medicine."
"For 25 years I have been troubled with catarrh in the head, indigestion, and general debility. I never had faith in such medicines, but concluded to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It did me so much good that I continue its use till I have taken five bottles. My health has greatly improved, and I feel like a different woman." Mrs. J. B. Adams, Richmond St., Newark, N. J.
"I have used Hood's Sarsaparialla for catarrh with very satisfactory results. I received more permanent benefit from it than from any other remedy I ever tried. M. E. Read, of A. Read & Son, Wauseon, Ohio.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CATARRH
Price 50 Cents.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
CURES COLD IN HEAD
CATARRH
ROSE-COLD
HAY-FEVER
DEAFNESS
HEADACHE
PRICE 50 CENTS
ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE
SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.
It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.
Sold by all Druggists.

BRADFIELD'S
FEMALE
REGULATOR
IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL PROFUSE SCANTY SUPPRESSED AND IRREGULAR
MENSTRUATION
OR MONTHLY SICKNESS
IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE GREAT DANGER AND SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED
BOOK TO "WOMAN" MAILED FREE
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GARMENTS Guaranteed TO FIT PERFECT without trying on.
FREE
by return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address
MOODY & CO.
Cincinnati, O.

ASTHMA.
Popham's Asthma Specific
Relief in TEN MINUTES.
Wm. Gleghorn, Gardner Ill., writes: "I have not had to sit up an hour for three years. I hope the man that invented the Specific may have everlasting life and God's blessing while he lives." Sold by all druggists. $1 per box by mail, postpaid. *Trial package free.* Address
T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL.
7 in. x 5 in. 70 pages. Illuminated Cover. SENT FREE on application enclosing one (1c) stamp by addressing THEODORE HOLLAND, P. O. Box. 120, Philadelphia.

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Walter Buhl & Co.,
146 & 148 Jefferson Ave.
The Largest Importers
—of—
Seal Skins
IN THE COUNTRY
SEAL JACKETS
NEWMARKETS
SACQUES &c.,
At great Bargains. The best in the world for the prices. You can order them of your merchant.
Walter Buhl & Co
Importers, Exporters & Manufacturers of
FINE FURS, DETROIT, MICH.

(Established 1850.) INDIANAPOLIS (Reorganized 1885.)
BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
WHEN BLOCK, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
REDMAN, HEEB & OSBORN, Principals and Proprietors.
Ladies and gentlemen educated for profitable employment, by a course of training at this institution. Book-keeping, Business practice, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship and English. Large faculty. Individual instruction. Class drills. Lectures. Eminent indorsement. Open all year. Enter now. Attractive city. Expenses moderate. Write to us. Illustrated Catalogue, Free.

The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably
DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S
CELEBRATED EYE-WATER.
This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century. There are few diseases to which mankind are subject more distressing than sore eyes, and none, perhaps, for which more remedies have been tried without success. For all external inflammation of the eyes it is an infallible remedy. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. For sale by all druggists. JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO., TROY, N. Y. Established 1797.

DROPSY
TREATED FREE.
Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies.
Have cured many thousand cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best physicians. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. Send for free book of testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days treatment furnished free by mail. If you order trial, send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

F. C. AUSTIN MFG. CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.

WELL DRILLS
for all purposes.
Send 20cts. for mailing catalogues with full particulars.
CARPENTER ST. AND CARROLL AVE.

WANTED—Traveling salesmen; send your addres and reference to Keystone M'f'g. Co. (Inc.) Girard, Erie county, Pa., and they will mail you, free, a full outfit, including model of an article that sells rapidly to the trade in every town and city, and upon which they will pay you a liberal commission; whole outfit weighs 8 ounces.

Shadowed by Three
by L. L. Lynch; 12 mo. 270 pages. 55 full-page Illustrations. A fascinating, exciting Detective story. A great novel. Largest and best Books ever sold for price. Only 25 cents. postpaid. Address ALEX T. LOYD & CO., Lakeside bldg., Chicago, Ill.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.75.
RIFLES $2.00
PISTOLS 75c
GUNS
WATCHES, CLOCKS, ETC.
All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED To handle Article every stove requires. Retails $4.00; saves $1.50 per month. Must establish County Agencies. Samples sent. expressage prepaid, on receipt of $2.75. MOREY MFG. CO., Waukesha, Wis.

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent Free to anyone afflicted. Dr. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

LADIES' Eng. Tansy Pills. Safe, prompt, effectual. Try the original and only genuine Woman's Salvation. Cir. and sworn testimony 2 stps. Pkg by mail $1.04. Warranted. DR. CATON, Box 5257, BOSTON, MASS.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, business forms Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, or highest commission and 30 DAYS' CREDIT to AGENTS on our NEW BOOK. J. S. ZEIGLER & CO., Quincy Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens. Lebanon, Ohio.

$10 A DAY. Agents wanted. Medicated Electricity cures catarrh, colds, &c. Samp. by mail 25c. Cat. Free. E. E. Brewster, Holly, Mich.

YOUNG MEN Wanted to Learn Telegraphy. Situations furnished. Circulars free. Address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

I N U 45—89 INDPLS

When writing to Advertisers readers will confer a favor by mentioning this paper.

MAGIC REMEDY Will cure Blood Poison where mercury fails. Owned and for sale only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

EBONY or REDWOOD HANDLES
No. 050.
Cut this out as it may not appear again. Mention this paper.
OUR BOSS SELLER.
THE BEST 50c. POCKET KNIFE ever offered. Brass Lined. Warranted Metal. Sent by mail. Same knife, Stag Handle, Iron lined, 50c. Stag Handle Brass lined, 60c.

ALLING & LODGE, MADISON, IND.

C. M. Robinson.
UNION BUSINESS COLLEGE.
Lafayette, Ind.
The Largest, Best and Cheapest Commercial School in Indiana. Good board $2.00 a week. Send at once for College Journal and specimens of penmanship.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.
CATARRH
It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

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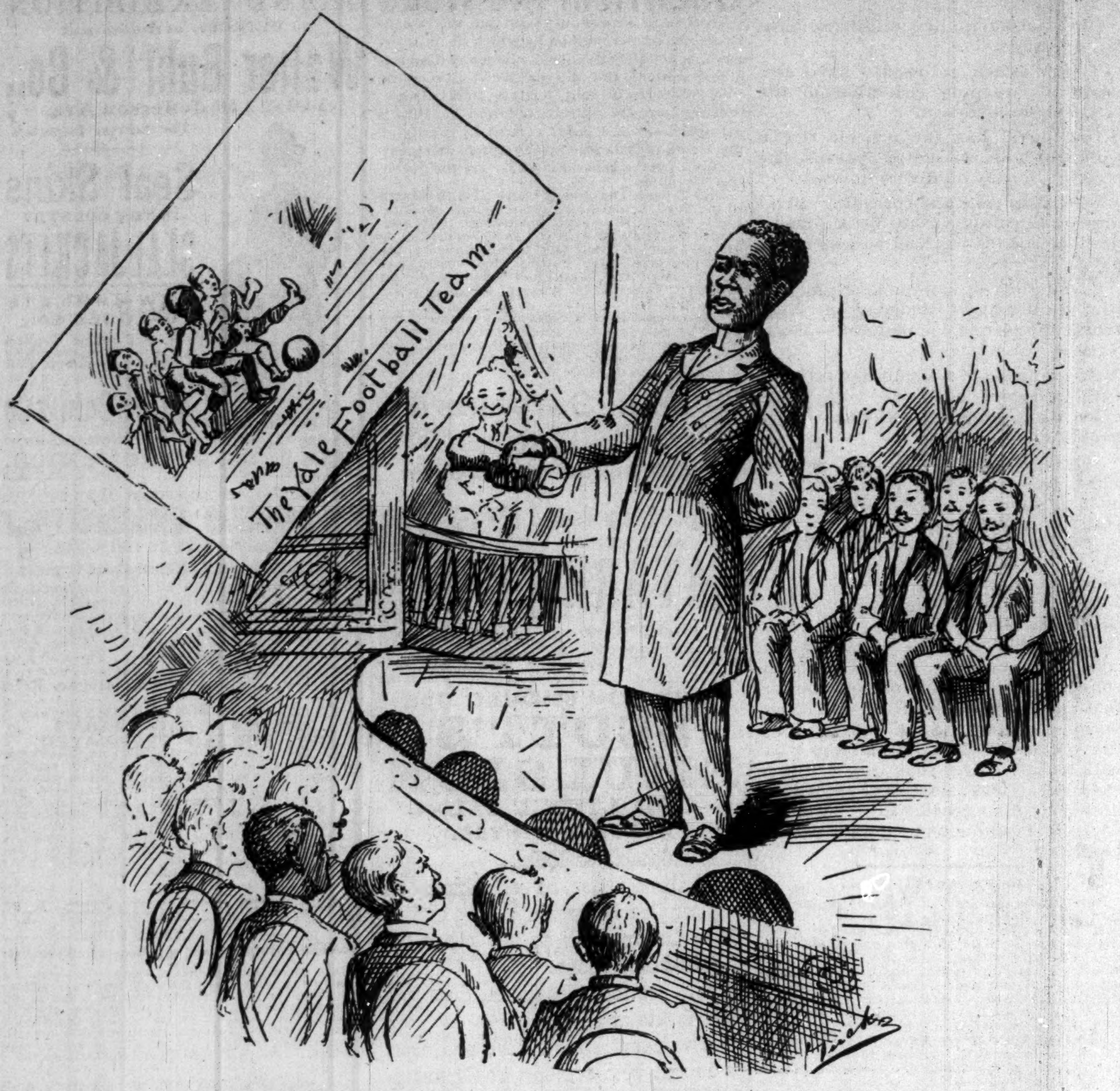
Book Keeping, Short Hand, Telegraphy, &c. Write for Catalogue and full information.
LOUISVILLE, KY.


The Yale Foot ball Team.

THE RACE QUESTION IN THE GREAT AMERICAN COLLEGES.

A colored orator at Harvard and a colored foot-ball player in the Yale "Varsity" team. Brain and brawn are potent forces in the college world of America, and jump right over the color line.—N. Y. World.

OUR LOCAL LIFE.

Mr. Wm. Quinn is serving as juror in the Criminal Court.

Sunday is communion season at New Bethel Baptist Church.

Dr. D. P. Roberts of Richmond, Ind., was in the city this week.

The Corinthian Baptist Church will continue her series of meetings.

Mr. Wm. Hill has left the city, and is visiting his parents at Castleton.

Mr. F. Welch is now engaged as one of the clerks in the Supreme Court.

Rev. J. W. Carr has returned from a pleasant jaunt to San Antonio, Texas.

Miss Alice Skillman will leave the city, Thursday, for St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mrs. Mary A. Britton is seriously ill at her home on West Michigan street.

Mr. William Lewis has gone to Bedford, Lawrence county, to engage in business.

Mr. J. Shores of Shores & Tevis was married to Miss Netie Conovet last week.

A grand concert was given at New Bethel Baptist Church last Tuesday evening.

Hon. J. S. Hinton and Mr. Richard Coley are serving as jurors in the Superior court.

Detective Thornton is making it lively for the law breakers. He rarely misses a man.

Quarterly meeting begins. Saturday, at Vermont Street Church; love feast Monday evening.

Edna Gee plead guilty in Esquire Smock's court, Saturday morning, for provoking Annie Brown.

Miss Lilly Fry left the city, Saturday, for Louisville, Ky., where she will probably make her home.

Elder T. J. Manson left last Wednesday morning for Knoxville, Tenn., to attend the funeral of his sister.

Miss R. E. Elliott, the hair culturist, was in the city this week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Knox.

A. E. Manning, of the County Clerk's office made a flying trip to Michigan City and Chicago this week.

There will be given a grand entertainment at Mrs. E. Abstone's, on Alvord street, next Tuesday, by the club called "Tribe of Judae."

The Freeman is now delivered to city subscribers by carriers, and not through the postoffice. Subscribers will please pay the boys.

The Hotel Brotherhood Band will give a grand entertainment at Lyra Hall, Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 28. See bill next week.—(t. f.)

Mr. George Goins met with a serious accident a few weeks ago. In alighting from a street car his right leg was broken. He is improving rapidly and will be out again soon.

Owing to love feast at Vermont St. church Monday evening there will be no more literary until Monday evening Nov. 18. All are respectfully invited to attend.

Mr. Geo. L. Knox, the genial proprietor of the Bates House barber shop, made a flying trip to Chicago last Saturday. He registered at the Palmer and saw the sights.

The prize festival at Blackford st. church netted between $60 and $70. Mrs. Bittie Ward got the plush cloak for selling the highest number of tickets and Mrs. L. Phillips got the load of coal for selling the next highest number. A good time was had by all wha attended.

The Douglass literary met last Monday evening with a large attendance. In the absence of the president, Mr. Geo. L. Knox, Mr. J. T. V. Hill presided. The program was interesting, special features being a paper by Mrs. Sadie Hill and an address by Hon. J. S. Hinton.

HOMES FOR ALL.

Best Opportunity For Laboring Men

Turn over a new leaf. Save 50 cents a week by taking a share in the Champion Building and Loan Association. Meets every Monday evening at the New York Hat Store. Run with less expense and cheaper for the borrower than any other Association in the city. Take shares any time. No back dues. Call on Wm. Prosser Jr., Secretary, Room 51 Thorpe Block.

OUR CLOAK DEPARTMENT.

Is now complete with all the late and most stylish garments in the market.

Everything new and at popular prices, which has been our aim.

We can please everybody, either in price or style.

We call special attention to our Plush Sacques, which are better than ever before, snd for prices can not be excelled in the State.

Our Newmarkets are all of the newest materials, tailor made, perfect in finish and fit.

L. S. AYRES & CO.

Agents for Butterick's patterns.

Hereafter The Freeman will be delivered in this city by carriers and not through the postoffice. Persons desiring to subscribe can order through the carriers.

THERE IS

SATISFACTION

In

Granite Iron Ware.

Granite Iron Dish Pans.
Granite Iron Pie Plates.
Granite Iron Baking Pans.
Granite Iron Pudding Pans.
Granite Iron Tea Kettles.
Granite Iron Sauce Pans.

And in the same ware the best, "tried and proved," Coffee Biggin (French Coffee Pot) in the market.

The above are new in addition to our large stock of this ware in Preserving Kettles, Sauce Kettles, Wash Basins, Soap Dishes, etc., etc.

We ought to have told you Saturday of the nice, clean and fresh

Oval Willow Clothes Baskets

In three sizes. You will want them to-day but we will have them for next "wash day."

If you are going to start housekeeping, going to get married, have any replenishing to do we will save you money at the

Housekeepers' Bargain Store.

20 West Washington Street.
E. K. BICKNELL.

$2.50

Per pair for Portieres. These are the handsomest and and cheapest gooods ever shown in this city.

W. H. ROLL, 30 to 38 S. Illinois St.

OATE BAZEL, Salesman:

MODEL.

You will Save Money if you buy your

HATS

of us. We sell more Hats and Caps than any other three hat stores in this city combined. We buy them from the manufacturers for CASH and sell them at a very small profit. It will be money in your pocket to trade with us.

MODEL CLOTHING CO.

Leading CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS and HATTERS.

GUN WA,

An Educated

Chinese Physician,

Who can not under the American laws practice medicine, has a line of prepared CHINESE HERB AND VEGETABLE SPECIFICS, for the cure of various diseases, which he sells for a small sum. They are quick to act, PERFECTLY HARMLESS, PLEASANT TO TAKE, and never fail to cure.

NO CHARGE FOR ADVICE OR CONSULTATION, as Gun Wa does not practice medicine. A friendly talk COSTS NOTHING. If you can not call, write to Gun Wa for a HISTORY OF HIS LIFE, or a circular on CANCER, RHEUMATISM, CATARRH, PILES, FEMALE WEAKNESS, TAPE WORM, or his book (for men only) on nervous diseases. All correspondence and interviews confidential. No letters answered unless enclosing 4c in stamps.

Thousands of Testimonials on File From Well-known Americans who have been cured by GUN WA.

The testimonials given above are but few of the many sent daily to Gun Wa, whose Celebrated Chinese Vegetable Medicines are recognized the world over by their healing and life giving qualities. They are made of Rare Medical Herbs, imported from China for this sole purpose, and are not in use nor known to any physician in the United States. Gun Wa is not allowed to practice his profession or visit the sick, as his limited knowledge of the English language prevents his graduating in any of the American colleges of medicine. He has, however, a merchant's privileges to SELL HIS REMEDIES. Call in and see his handsome oriental parlors at 25 West Washingtun St., and have an interview with the famous doctor. The consultation will be FREE, and the MEDICINES ARE SOLD VERY LOW. There are remedies for everything—CATARRH, CONSUMPTION, LIVER, KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, FEMALE WEAKNESS and NERVOUS DISEASES. Send 4c stamp and get a history of his life and other printed matter.

Gun Wa's Chinese Blood Purifier

Cures Secondary Blood Poisoning.

Office hours: 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

GUN WA,
25 W. Wash. Street,
Indianapolis, - Indiana.

Gun Wa has several parlors. You will see him privately.

H. W. Zimmer. F. H. Zimmer.

ZIMMER BROS,
WALL PAPER,

Window Shades, Oil Cloths, Etc. Estimates furnished.
191 E. Wash. St. Indianapolis.

The Indiana Hospital Company, 98 West Washington street. This company furnishes (1) treatment free to prevent sickness; (2) a home for the sick and disabled, with board, lodging, medical attention, medicines and nursing; (3) medical and surgical attention and medicines at home, and a weekly allowance in case of accident or sickness. For further particulars call at company's office. Board of Managers—Albert Gall, President; H. M. LaFollette, Vice President; Bruce Carr, Treasurer; E. J. Robison, Secretary; G. W. Combs, M. D., Medical Director; Ford Woods, Auditor.

Where can you get real bargains in

Boots and Shoes?

Why, at 164 Indiana Ave, where you will find a good large stock of Boots and shoes at most reasonable prices. Everybody come, and let us convince you that we do a strictly honest business.

PARKER & CO.

Do you Want to Get a CLOAK

—ON—

EASY TERMS?

Or Dress Goods and Patterns of Nearly Every Kinds and Quality? If so. Don't Fail to Go to

F. E. FULLER INSTALLMENT CO.,

108 N. Penn. St., Before Buying.

This enterprising firm has made arrangements by which goods may be delivered on FIRST PAYMENT, and you need not wait all winter before wearing them. Cloaks and Jackets in all styles. Also, Table Linens Lace Curtains, Clocks and Silverware for the table, Abums, and everything "too numerous to mention." These last named goods were ordered especially for the holiday trade and you should take advantage of our easy payment.

Webb, Jamison & Co.,
House Movers.

Safes and heavy machinery carefully transferred. All orders promptly attended to.

Telephone 356. OEFICF, at the Meridian Wood and Coal Yard, 222 South Meridian.

THE GREAT SALE GOES ON.

These Low Prices for Good Goods Can Only Be Found

— at —

THE BOSTON STORE.

Gents' Seamless All Wool Half Hose in seal, navy and scarlet, at 18½c.

Ladies Long Sleevve Jersey Ribb Vests, winter weight, at 14c.

Gents Gray Merino Shirts, extra fine and extra heavy, formerly 50c, now 38c.

Misses' All Wool Seamless Hose, size 6 in, only at 12½c.

10-4 White Wool Blankets, per pair 69c.

9-4 Comfortables, great value at 45c.

Ladies' All Wool Outside Jersey Jackets, worth $3.50, at $2.48.

1,000 yds. Canton Flannel, worth 6c, our price 4¾c.

Ready Made Striped Flannel Skirts, formerly 75c, now 48c.

33c qualities of Ladies' Cashmere Gloves and Wool Mittens, reduced to 25c.

Men's Oil Tan Lined Gloves, wonderful value at 38c.

JACKSON, PORTER & ALDERMAN,

26 and 28 West Washington St.

Furniture. Carpets.

LARGE VARIETY IN SELECT STOCK.

Call in and get bargains at 98 East New York Street. All goods sold for CASH or on easy PAYMENTS.

J. KOESTERS & CO.,

Halcyon Block. 98 East New York St.